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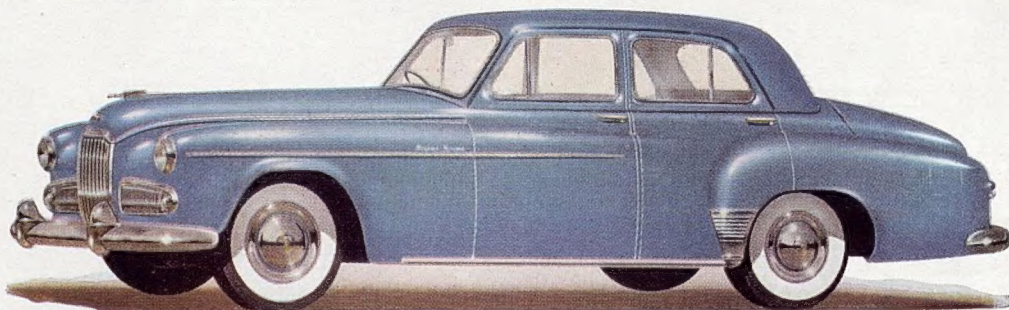
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THE OLDEST REGIMENT in the British Army, The Honourable Artillery Company, is to receive new Colours from the Queen at its headquarters at Armoury House in the City of London today. The cover picture shows Pikeman Colin Peartree in the colourful uniform of a pikeman of the H.A.C., standing in front of the main entrance to Armoury House. During the war he served as an officer with the Durham Light Infantry. The Pikemen add a picturesque note to many of the City's important occasions, including the Lord Mayor's procession and various functions at the Mansion House

DIARY OF THE WEEK

From July 20 to July 27

July 20 (Wed.) The Queen presents new Colours to the Infantry Battalion of the Honourable Artillery Company.

Her Majesty and Prince Philip attend the final of the King George V Gold Cup at the International Horse Show, White City.

Princess Marie Louise attends a performance of *Much Ado About Nothing* at the Palace Theatre in aid of the Central School of Speech and Drama.

Joint dance: Mrs. John Coats for Miss Mary Coats and Mrs. Hervey-Bathurst for Miss Selina Hervey-Bathurst, at 23 Knightsbridge.

Mrs. Richard Hanmer's small dance for Miss Sara Hanmer, at West-Wood, Ascot.

Cricket: Middlesex v. Northampton, at Lord's. National Air Race (King's Cup) Meeting at Baginton, Warwickshire.

Racing: Kempton Park, Lanark (two days each).

July 21 (Thur.) Garden Party at Buckingham Palace.

Cricket: Fourth Test match, England v. South Africa, opens at Headingley, Leeds (until 26th).

July 22 (Fri.) Northern Command Tattoo, at Knavesmire, Yorks (until Aug. 1).

Mrs. Philip Dawson and Mrs. James Barttelot's dance for their daughters, Miss Gillian Briggs and Miss Carol Barttelot, at the Manor House, Wickhambrook, near Newmarket.

The Hon. Mrs. Edward Edmonstone's dance for Miss Antonia Edmonstone, Uckfield House, Sussex.

Mrs. Erle-Drax's dance for her daughters, Miss Bridget and Miss Anne Barnard, at Bilting House, near Ashford, Kent.

Mrs. Anderson's dance for Miss Elizabeth Anderson, at Limington House, Somerset.

Racing: Doncaster, Hurst Park (two days each).

July 23 (Sat.) Princess Margaret attends a rally of the Gloucestershire Girl Guides at Gloucester.

Promenade Concerts begin at the Royal Albert Hall (to Sept. 17).

Mrs. Alan Routh's dance for Miss Ann Routh, at Knowle Lodge, Fair Oak, near Winchester.

Mrs. John Pryor and Miss Milne Home's dance for Miss Alice Pryor, at Weston Park, Hitchin, Herts. Polo at Cowdray Park (until Aug. 1).

Cricket: Beaumont v. Oratory at Lord's (one day).

Aviation: National Gliding Championships at Lasham, near Alton, Hants (to Aug. 1).

Racing: Worcester.

July 25 (Mon.) The Queen and Prince Philip visit Winchester, and inspect the King's Royal Rifle Corps.

Canterbury Festival Week (to 30th).

Garden Party at The Holme, Regent's Park, in aid of the Sunshine Home for Blind Babies.

Catholic Public Schools Ball, at the Dorchester.

Cricket: Clifton v. Tonbridge at Lord's (two days). Racing: Alexandra Park (one day). Birmingham (two days).

July 26 (Tues.) Goodwood opens (to the 29th), The Stewards Cup.

Yachting: Royal Yachting Association. 18-ft. National Class Regatta at Port St. Mary, Isle of Man.

July 27 (Wed.) Sandringham Flower Show.

Arab Horse Society show at Roehampton (two days).

First night of *Nina* at the Haymarket Theatre, with Coral Browne.

Cricket: Minor Counties v. South Africans. Stoke-on-Trent.

Racing: Redcar (two days).

Cricket: Rugby v. Marlborough, at Lord's (two days).

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JULY 20

1955

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Eric Coop

Sunny morning at Chalfont

THE Hon. Mrs. John Bearman, seen in this sunlit picture with her sons Christopher aged three and Anthony Richard who is four months, lives at St. Giles Lodge, Chalfont St. Giles, Buckinghamshire. She is the second daughter of Viscount Scarsdale and married Mr. John Bearman in 1951. Her younger son's godparents at his recent christening included Viscount Curzon, Sir Bernard Bearman and Major R. Wellesley

MRS. JOHN S.
AMES, JUNIOR

THE wife of the Special Assistant to the American Ambassador, is seen at her home in Eaton Square, London. She is the daughter of Mrs. T. Charlton Henry, of Philadelphia. Mr. and Mrs. Ames, who during their stay in England have made many friends, are to return to America later this year



F. J. Goodman

Social Journal

Jennifer

A COMING-OUT BALL AT HURLINGHAM

WHEN Lord and Lady Howard de Walden give a party, all their friends know that it is going to be superbly arranged and the greatest fun. This is certainly how one could describe the coming-out ball they gave at Hurlingham for their second daughter, the Hon. Susan Scott Ellis, who looked radiant in a coral paper taffeta dress. The décor, which had been personally supervised by the host and hostess, had transformed the rooms and was in exquisite taste. Glorious flowers, including many sweet scented lilies, were arranged throughout, while little Cupids holding tinsel stars with electric lights lit the passage-way from the reception hall to the dining-room, where a long cold buffet and small candlelit tables were arranged.

Leading off this was a small ballroom with a rumba band, where most amusing vegetable arrangements adorned the walls, with bunches of imitation bananas hanging from the candelabras. The main ballroom with its long mirrored walls and the adjoining ballroom were in a colour scheme of "kissing" pink and dark green foliage and the sitting-out room adjoining a study in green and white. Trees of white camellias, and deep green creepers trailing down the walls looked, with the white wrought-iron furniture, blissfully cool on this warm night.

THE lawns were faintly lit and guests enjoyed strolling out and sitting at the small tables arranged under the trees. In all the rooms, too, lighting had been carefully studied and everyone looked at their best. There were perhaps more beautiful tiaras and jewels worn with lovely evening dresses than

at any ball this season. Lady Howard de Walden wore her exquisite heirloom diamond tiara with her white embroidered satin evening dress. I met the Duke and Duchess of Bedford—she wore another superb tiara and some of the fine family jewels, as did the Countess of Shrewsbury, accompanied by her husband, who is the Premier Earl of England.

IT seemed to me when I arrived that this charming and warmhearted hostess had asked every débutante of this season, there were so many young girls and their escorts dancing and enjoying this lovely party to the full.

The Hon. Hazel Scott Ellis, Susan's elder sister who came out two years ago was there, looking sweet in an identical dress to her sister's save that it was deep turquoise blue. Among their contemporaries present were Miss Frances Sweeny, Mr. David Bailey, Miss Rohais Anderson, Lady Melissa Wyndham-Quin, Mr. Colin Ingleby-Mackenzie, Miss Tessa Crossley, Lady Malvina Murray in pink, the Hon. Diana Herbert, Miss Camilla Roberts, the Hon. Diana Baird, and Miss Jane Fairey, in the lovely blue and white dress she had for her own coming-out dance.

ONE of the gayest personalities there was Margherita Lady Howard de Walden. She told me that five of her granddaughters were present as well as other members of the family.

Other older guests included Prince and Princess Frederick of Prussia, Lord Tweedsmuir, Lord and Lady Willoughby de Broke, and the Earl of Ranfurly, Governor of the Bahamas, and the Countess of Ranfurly, who

had all dined with their host and hostess. Also I saw Countess Cadogan, the Earl and Countess of Onslow, Mr. and Mrs. Cosmo Crawley, Mr. and Mrs. Bertie Raphael who brought a big dinner party, Mrs. John Sheffield, Mr. Ian Bailey talking to Denise Lady Ebury and Sir Neville and Lady Pearson, Prince Henri of France, Brig. Derek Schreiber, Sir Guy and Lady Salisbury-Jones and Admiral of the Fleet Lord Chatfield and Lady Chatfield. Pictures on pages 100 and 101.

★ ★ ★

ABOUT 500 guests, including many members of the Diplomatic Corps and of both Houses of Parliament, attended the reception at Claridge's given by the Venezuelan Ambassador and Mme. Rodriguez-Travieso to celebrate Venezuela's National Day. Welcoming guests with the host and hostess were their two enchanting teenage daughters Marietta and Marisa, wearing flowered silk dresses. Those present included the Colombian Ambassador and Mme. Villarreal, the Marquess and Marchioness of Reading, the Bolivian Ambassador and Mme. Barrau, the Chilean Ambassador, looking much better and happily recovered from his serious illness, and the Argentine Ambassador who gave a big reception himself two nights later at the Argentine Embassy to celebrate Argentina's Independence Day.

Here again at this lovely Embassy were numerous members of the Diplomatic Corps, of both Houses of Parliament, of the Argentine community in London and personalities from many other spheres of life. Señor Derisi received his guests in the vast hall, and they

were able to enjoy a cool drink in either of the three downstairs reception rooms or in the identical suite on the first floor. Viscount and Viscountess Davidson were among the many friends of Latin America circulating through the rooms.

★ ★ ★

THOUGH Royal Ascot opened in brilliant sunshine it was shorn of much of its glory without the picturesque Royal procession driving up the course each day before racing. Her Majesty the Queen was present on the opening day wearing a rose printed silk dress and little cap of pink silk rose petals. She had come straight down from London after holding an investiture at Buckingham Palace. Prince Philip was not present as he was away in Germany fulfilling official engagements. There was, of course, no Royal house party this year at Windsor Castle, as the Queen and Prince Philip had other engagements arranged before Royal Ascot was postponed owing to the rail strike, including the Garden Party at Buckingham Palace on Thursday, the usual Gold Cup Day.

Everywhere I heard praise for the improvements made to the course, stands and luncheon rooms since last year. The dresses on the whole were pretty, mostly made of plain coloured silk and other lovely materials, often worn with a big hat. Happily there were few freakish fashions. Many of the women, of course, wore their best dresses on the second day, which was the "big" day of the meeting. Not only were the Queen and other members of the Royal Family present, but this year it was Hunt Cup Day and Gold Cup Day combined! I will be writing fully about this and the Garden Party next week.

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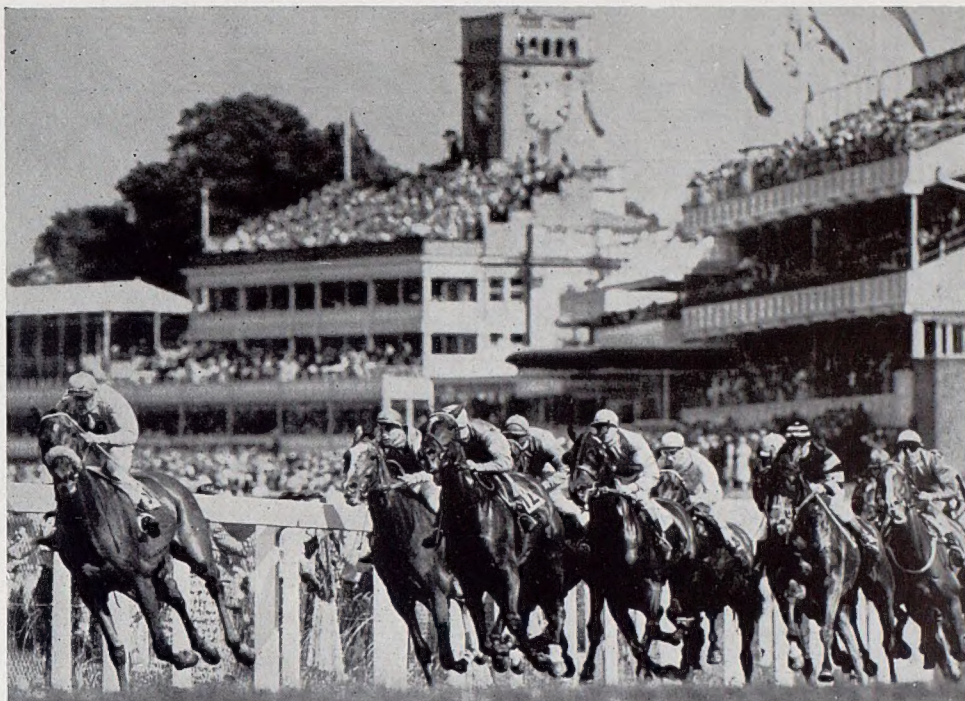
APSLEY HOUSE, the home for several generations of the Dukes of Wellington, made a glorious setting for the dance which Lady Anne Rhys, daughter of the fifth Duke of Wellington, gave for her débutante daughter Miss Elizabeth Rhys, a charming and pretty girl who has been enjoying a wonderful season. Guests were able to admire the many treasures in the library and the other rooms used for sitting out. A marquee had been built out for dancing and another as a supper room with an adjoining part in which to sit and enjoy cool drinks. The colour scheme in both was pale yellow and white, and on the walls were painted scenes from the Battle of Waterloo framed in green laurel leaves.

Miss Elizabeth Rhys wore a superb dress of maize coloured satin, on which was appliquéd exquisite golden silk embroidering, while Lady Anne Rhys looked charming in a dress of finest Parma violet lace and a diamond tiara. Everything was beautifully arranged, and as this had been kept to a very small dance, it never became overcrowded.

PRINCESS ALEXANDRA was there looking charming and full of youthful enjoyment, and I saw the Hon. Diana Herbert and her mother the Hon. Lady Herbert, Miss Hermione Faulkner who came with the Earl and Countess of Dundee, and Lady Nell Harris, whose parents, the Earl and Countess of Malmesbury, were sitting talking to Sir Edmund and Lady Stockdale. Although their daughter Anne-Louise was also at the ball, she does not make her début until next year.

Others dancing were Lady Zinnia Denison, Miss Alicia Cooke, Miss Camilla Straight with Mr. Julian Jebb, the Earl of Brecknock, Miss Caroline Wilson, Lady Philippa Wallop, Lord Edward FitzRoy, Miss Richenda Gurney, Miss Jane Berry, Viscount Weymouth, the Hon. Susan Scott-Ellis, Mr. Michael Fane and the Hon. Edward Biddulph.

[Continued overleaf]



ROYAL ASCOT'S opening day was a brilliant occasion in spite of its month's postponement. The sun shone without a break and an excited crowd saw a terrific finish in the Ascot Stakes won by Mr. J. O. Williams's Wildnor (C. Gaston up). Horses are seen (above) rounding the first bend during the race

Madame Mendoza, wife of H.E. the Cuban Ambassador to Great Britain

The Begum Aga Khan, whose Military Court ran in the Royal Hunt Cup



The Hon. Mrs. Robin Cayzer, wife of Lord Rotherwick's eldest son and heir, came from Bletchington Park, Oxon



Mrs. R. Legon-Layzell was wearing a white picture hat of striking design with straw flowers in black and cream



The Countess of Dundee and the Hon. Alexander Hood, brother of Viscount Hood. The grounds of the club were illuminated for the occasion



Miss Penny Knowles, one of this year's prettiest débutantes, who shared a dance recently in London, was dancing with Mr. Philip de Laszlo



Miss Jane Sheffield and Mr. Jocelyn Stevens. Miss Sheffield shared a dance last month at her home, Laverstoke House, Whitchurch, Hants

Continuing The Social Journal

Scots Guards pipers played at wedding

Among members of the family I saw Lord Glentanar, the Hon. James and Mrs. Bruce, the Marquess and Marchioness of Douro, Mr. Thomas and Lady Elizabeth Clive, the Hon. Denis and Mrs. Berry, the Hon. Charles and Mrs. Rhys, the Hon. Elwyn and Mrs. Rhys, the Hon. David and Mrs. Brand and, of course, the Hon. David Rhys, who was indefatigable in helping his wife look after the guests at this delightful ball.

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WEARING an exquisite white tulle and lace wedding dress with a gold thread design made by the Queen's couturier Norman Hartnell, and with a diamond tiara holding her tulle veil in place, Miss Angela Stormonth-Darling was a radiantly beautiful bride when she married Capt. Murray de Klee of the Scots Guards at St. Margaret's, Westminster. There were three bridesmaids in long cream organza dresses with fresh flowers in their hair, and two pages who wore the kilt with their silk shirts. They were Caroline Carr, Letitia Awdrey and Georgina Law, with Angus Cheape and James Stormonth-Darling. As they left the church there was a guard of honour of men of the bridegroom's regiment, and pipers of the Scots Guards played them to their car.

After the ceremony a reception was held at Stanhope Gate where the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Stormonth-Darling, the latter in a blue shantung taffeta dress, and the bridegroom's parents, Lt.-Col. and Mrs. F. B. de Klee (who had come down from their lovely home Achnacraig, Isle of Mull) received the guests, all of whom were able to enjoy a cool drink on the roof garden as well as in the ballroom. Among them were Lady Simonds, wife of the former Lord Chancellor, who was talking to the bride's aunt Mrs. Kenneth Hunter and her husband, the Hon. Mrs. Walter Sale in a pretty printed silk dress, Lady Munro and her daughter Fiona, and Mrs. Geoffrey Davis and her daughter Miss Virginia Murray, a bride this month.

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FOLLOWERS of the Puckeridge Hunt have the rather unusual idea of holding their hunt ball in midsummer, and this has for two years proved a tremendous success. The

chairmen and directors of the Westminster Bank have on both occasions kindly lent Fanhams Hall, near Ware, which is in the Puckeridge country, for the event. It contains not only a fine panelled ballroom for dancing, but also a long upstairs picture gallery for supper which was also served in some of the small rooms adjoining the ballroom.

Happily, although it was rather a chilly evening, the beautiful grounds, which include a perfect Japanese garden and ornamental lake, were floodlit for the occasion. Major Maurice Barclay was up in the gallery watching the dancers. With the late Mr. Edward Barclay he was joint-Master of the Puckeridge in 1910 until 1948, and was joined by his son Capt. Charles Barclay in 1947. Mrs. Maurice Barclay was also there and Capt. and Mrs. Charles Barclay. I saw Lord and Lady Aldenham, Major Richard Croft, whose family formerly owned Fanhams, Major Tom Dimsdale, a big landowner in the Puckeridge country, Mr. and Mrs. John Sellers, Col. and Mrs. Jimmy Dennis, Mr. and Mrs. Norman Pryor, Mr. and Mrs. Peter Pryor and Mr. and Mrs. Richard Hanbury, all keen supporters of the Hunt. Mrs. Peter Pryor and Mrs. Hanbury were both very keen members of the ball committee.

PRINCE and Princess Frederick of Prussia, the latter charming in a pale blue dress and necklace of turquoises and diamonds, who live nearby, came with Mr. and Mrs. Derek Butler Adams's party from Great Cozens, which also included Mr. and Mrs. Antony Norman, Mr. Kenneth Simonds, Baron and Baroness Westenholz, Mr. and Mrs. Hanbury, Mr. and Mrs. Compton Bennett, Miss Virginia Estcourt, Miss Xenia Barr Smith, Mr. Clive Barford and Mr. Timothy Sainsbury. Others at the ball included Mr. and Mrs. Tom Streeter, Mr. Dorian Williams, Master of the Whaddon Chase, dancing with Miss Jennifer Neale, newly engaged Miss Antonia McMullen dancing with her fiancé Mr. Alan Henderson, Miss Caroline Judd, Mr. Peter Glossop and Mr. Michael Ransome, who with his brother Mark and their sister Jane gave a very good small dance at their home near Hitchin the following evening.

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FOR a few minutes on a busy evening I went in to a very gay cocktail party which Mrs. Peter Benton-Jones gave for her daughter Jill. This took place in the Oliver Messel penthouse of the Dorchester Hotel, which is one of the pleasantest settings in London for a party, especially on a fine evening. Not only is the room enchantingly original and gay, but there

is also the roof garden, brilliant with a little fountain and a wonderful view right over the city. Mr. Benton-Jones was there to help his wife receive their friends.

Sir Hugh and Lady Gurney, Lord and Lady Monson, Lady Grimston, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Illingworth, Lady Lycett-Green, Lady Milburn and Mr. and Mrs. Guy Rogers, who all brought their débutante daughters, were a few of those enjoying this excellent party with delicious hot "bon bouches" supervised by M. Kauffler, the famous *maitre chef des cuisines* at the Dorchester, who always thinks of something original to serve at a party. There were numerous young men, too, among them Mr. Charles Smith-Bingham, Mr. Simon Maxwell, Mr. Rodney de Chair, Mr. George Ralli, Mr. John Kemp-Welch and Mr. John Wilbraham.

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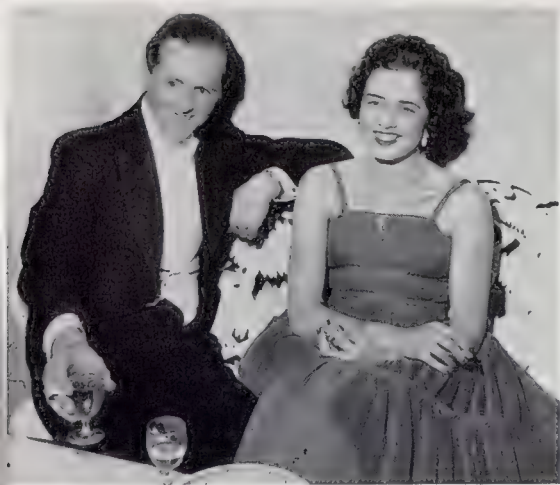
MARY DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE stood with Lady Price receiving the guests at the Victoria League Ball which took place at the Dorchester Hotel. Princess Alexandra was among the many hundred guests who attended the ball, which was a tremendous success and undoubtedly raised a big sum for the League, whose work does so much to foster friendship, goodwill and understanding between the peoples of the British Commonwealth.

Besides its other activities the League, which has its headquarters in Chesham Place, has built up a unique network of hospitality all over the United Kingdom, so that visitors from the Commonwealth get a warm welcome in private homes for a short stay to see different parts of the mother country.

Among those at the ball supporting this great cause were Mary Duchess of Roxburghe, Sir Henry Price, the Marchioness of Lansdowne, Sir Thomas White, High Commissioner for Australia whom I saw trying his luck at the tombola, Lady Conyngham, her son Sir Robert Frank and Lady Frank, Mr. Tom Cochran, over for his annual visit from Australia, Mr. and Mrs. Ronald Cumming who brought a big party including Mr. and Mrs. Graham Bailey, Lady Bird, and the Hon. Sarah Tyrell-Kenyon who was among the busy programme sellers.

★ ★ ★

IWENT up to Lord's for a short while on the first afternoon of the Eton and Harrow match which was being played in glorious sunshine. Boys, past and present, from both of these great public schools were strolling round in their hundreds, usually escorting a pretty girl in a summery dress. The coaches, arbours



Mr. R. Ferguson and Miss Anne Doughty-Tichborne, the daughter of Sir Anthony Doughty-Tichborne, Bt., and Lady Doughty-Tichborne

and private luncheon rooms were a very popular call for a long cool drink or some raspberries and cream.

Sir Peter and Lady Norton-Griffiths, over from Brussels for a few days, had their Etonian son with them and were entertaining friends around their arbour, as were Col. Reid, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Hanbury and Mr. and Mrs. Wentworth Stanley. Mr. Peter Gold had his coach in its usual strategic point near the Pavilion, while Mr. and Mrs. Tom Blackwell and Mr. and Mrs. Bob Hoare had a tremendous number of friends around their two adjoining coaches on the south side. Mrs. Blackwell had three of her sons, the eldest of whom is at Harrow, with her.

Lt.-Col. A. Grenfell and Mr. David Rome were two others entertaining beside their coaches.

ETON eventually won the match by 38 runs on the Saturday. They had scored 161 runs in their first innings when I was there, their captain, Mr. C. H. Gibson, having made 53 before he was bowled by Mr. M. L. Maydon. The latter made 12 runs out of Harrow's first innings score of 105. An extremely interested spectator was ninety-year-old Lord Penrhyn who was there both days to see his grandson Mr. Simon Douglas-Pennant, who bowled splendidly. His parents, the Hon. Nigel and Mrs. Douglas-Pennant, were there to watch the match, also his uncle and aunt, Admiral the Hon. Sir Cyril and Lady Douglas-Pennant.

Lt.-Gen. and Mrs. Brocas Burrows, whose elder son Richard was also in the Eton XI, were there each day as were Sir John and Lady Sinclair to watch their son Ian play for Eton. The Duchess of Gloucester was present and others included Earl and Countess Alexander of Tunis, Mrs. Hicks-Beach, wife of the M.P. for Cheltenham, Mr. and Mrs. Hugh McCorquodale and their two sons, the Hon. Mrs. Randal Plunkett, Mr. and Mrs. "Boy" Pilkington and their young family, Mr. Rory and Lady Elizabeth More O'Ferrall, Lady Ohlson and her son Peter, and Major James Dance with his son.

Pictures will be found on pp. 108-9.

FOR the evening many family parties went to the Eton Beagles Ball at the Dorchester; to have supper, dance and watch the cabaret at the Savoy which seemed full of Etonian parties; or to the Hurlingham Ball at Hurlingham Club, which was exceptionally gay. About a thousand guests were at Hurlingham—a happy choice on this hot evening. Besides the two usual indoor dance floors, one on the lawn as well was packed all the evening. Guests could also stroll about the prettily lit croquet lawns, besides enjoying an excellent supper and a very good firework display around midnight.



Desmond O'Neill

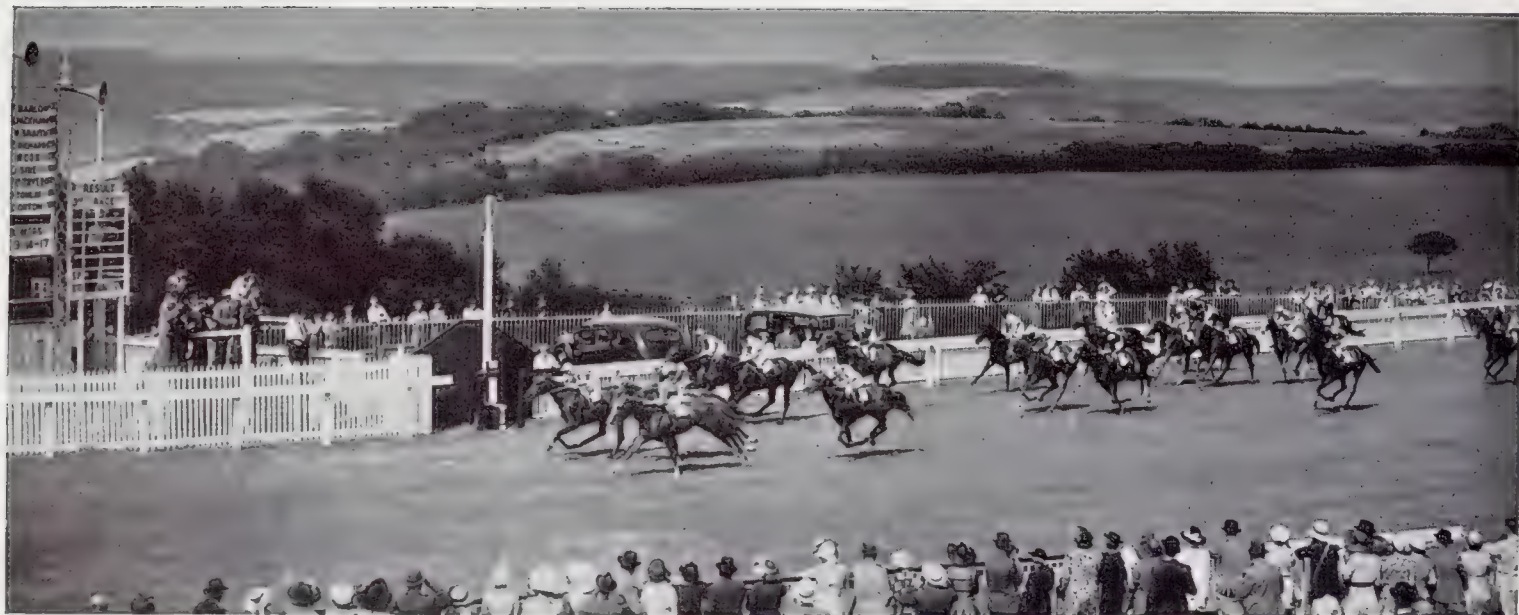
LADY HOWARD DE WALDEN'S DANCE for her younger daughter, the Hon. Susan Scott-Ellis, at the Hurlingham Club was a most successful and enjoyable occasion attended by over 500 guests. There was dancing in two ballrooms and supper was served in the dining-room at midnight. Above: Lady Howard de Walden, Lord Howard de Walden, their daughters, the Hon. Susan Scott-Ellis, for whom the dance was given, and her sister, the Hon. Hazel Scott-Ellis



Lord Christopher Thynne, who is the second son of the Marquess of Bath, was sitting out a dance with Miss Camilla Roberts



The Countess of Shrewsbury from Ingestre Hall, Stafford, and her sister Mrs. John Chandos-Pole, in one of the flower-decorated arbours



THE FINISHING LINE at Goodwood showing the magnificent views to be seen from this racecourse that has rightly been called "the most beautiful in the world"

TO GOODWOOD SO FAIR

THE RACE MEETING which rounds off the season with a blend of exciting racing and superb scenery opens next Tuesday. In this article a noted Turf historian writes of some of these features which have brought it international fame

SET six hundred feet above sea-level, in a green-and-coral garland of beech trees and willowherb, with views over Spithead and the Solent, the New Forest and the rolling Sussex downland, Goodwood rightly boasts the title "the most beautiful racecourse in the world."

Australians profess their pride in Flemington's lawns, while Americans extol the man-made beauties of Hialeah and Hollywood Park. Foreign visitors, however, are invariably entranced by their first visit to the Duke of Richmond and Gordon's four-day meeting.

Races were first held on the site of the present course in 1802, under the direction of the third Duke of Richmond. The sport, in its inaugural year, consisted mainly of matches and sweepstakes for gentlemen-riders.

In 1812, the Goodwood Cup, oldest of all the established races at this fixture, was first run. 1814 saw the transference of Goodwood races from April to July, and this date in the racing calendar has ever since remained unchanged.

THE fifth Duke of Richmond, who succeeded to the title in 1819, should have the honour for developing the style and renown of this meeting. He had a string of horses trained by John Kent in Goodwood Park, and his colours, "yellow jacket, with scarlet cap" were much in evidence each July.

In 1827, his horses credited him with eight prizes at the Goodwood meeting. This fifth holder of the title greatly increased the prize money, and Goodwood races came under Royal Patronage when Fleur de Lis won the Goodwood Cup in 1829. A year later she won this race again for King William IV, with Zingane and The Colonel, also owned by

the Sailor King, in second and third places. "Start the whole fleet," had been the King's bluff advice to the Royal Racing Manager.

MOST popular of all the midsummer betting handicaps, the Stewards' Cup was first run in 1840. The Cup, incidentally, was donated jointly by Sir John Gerard and Mr. T. Thornhill, who had officiated as stewards at the meeting in 1839.



Mr. RALPH HUBBARD, Clerk of the Course at Goodwood and agent of the estate, a post in which he succeeded his father

This six-furlong event usually brings out some of the best sprinters in the country, and has been associated with some famous betting coups. The French won a sizeable fortune when the mighty Epinard cantered away with the race in 1923, and Irish cheers reverberated over the downs at the victory of Knight's Caprice in 1939.

The Chesterfield Cup, a handicap over one and a quarter miles, was also first staged in 1840, but it has never equalled the popularity or attraction of the shorter event.

The list of Goodwood winners is studded with the names of the Turf immortals. That superlative Hungarian mare Kincsem came over to win the Goodwood Cup in 1878. What an amazing racer she must have been! Her victories were gained in five separate countries—Hungary, Austria, Germany, France and England—and she remained unbeaten through her career, although she ran in fifty-four races.

ST. SIMON, the inimitable, won at the meeting both as a two-year-old and a three-year-old, and was one of the few three-year-olds ever to land the Cup. This stayers' prize, run over 2 miles 5 furlongs, and the only race in England to be started by flag, has produced some queer results in its long history.

Old-timers still recall the sensation caused by the 1910 race, when Magic, 33-1 outsider, in a three-horse field, upset the long odds laid on the mighty Bayardo.

Another unlooked-for result came in 1933, with Sans Peine, on a pacemaking errand for the favourite Foxhunter, running away with the race at 20-1. There were some long faces, too, after the Italian horse, Tenerani, had out-gamed the "unbeatable" French hope, Arbar, for the 1948 running—a result equalled in surprise value by Mr. Malcolm McAlpine's

Blarney Stone stealing an unassailable lead in last year's event. Assuredly, therefore, its history shows that the Goodwood Cup is no race on which to plunge wildly.

BETTING apart, Goodwood has carved for itself a special place in the affections of those who follow the rounds of the sporting season.

The Queen's grandfather, King George V, rarely missed the Goodwood meeting. He enjoyed combining the four days on the Sussex downland with the Regatta at nearby Cowes, and set the vogue for Goodwood's pleasant informality. It has become, essentially, a holiday, picnic, occasion, and most of the visitors take temporary accommodation at one or other of the adjoining seaside resorts. As in the old days, owners of local houses look forward to a busy week's entertainment, even if the scale of hospitality has undergone inevitable change. No more will the Earl of Lonsdale descend to stay, with fifty or sixty head of carriage-horses and a dozen staff.

The Duke and Duchess of Norfolk, however, normally entertain twenty guests or more at Arundel Castle, which is floodlit and opened for a ball in mid-week.

The Arundel Castle Private Sweepstakes is held on Thursday. Subscription is limited to friends of the Duke and Duchess, and confined to two-year-olds bought at auction during the previous year for less than five hundred guineas. On Thursday night, after dinner, the owner of the winner and the owner of the last horse are both required to make a speech.

This Private Sweepstakes is won comparatively rarely by the favourite—so rarely, indeed, that the *hoi polloi* of the racing fraternity have come to dub it, somewhat irreverently, "the aristocratic carve-up." But even if the Arundel blue-and-red colours have replaced the dormant yellow jacket and scarlet cap in local esteem, Goodwood's Duke takes meticulous interest and derives keen personal enjoyment from this function handed down to him from his ancestors.

ONE pleasing innovation in recent years has been the coloured reproduction, on the front of the Goodwood racecards, of sporting prints depicting horses and personalities connected with the Goodwood of yesteryear.

John F. Herring will be commemorated by the representation of three paintings at the coming meeting. Tuesday's card shows the mare Barbelles with Bay Middleton—an alliance which produced that magnificent racehorse, The Flying Dutchman. Memories of Priam, twice winner of the Goodwood Cup and winner also of the Derby, are stirred by the selection of his sire, Emilius, to grace Friday's programme. Emilius was bought by Lord George Bentinck at the age of twenty-four and allowed to spend the remainder of his career in the peace and calm of the stud farm which lies below the Birdless Grove.

The Duke of Richmond is assisted in the running of his meeting by Mr. Ralph Hubbard agent of the Goodwood estate and Clerk of the Course—a post in which he succeeded his father. The Duke and Mr. Hubbard were the first to experiment, after the war, with race-by-race broadcasts, a feature which soon became universally popular and has now been adopted by most other racecourses.

The Goodwood number-boards, too, are models of clarity and there is also an easily seen board in the paddock which displays the list of odds being offered in Tattersalls. Traffic-blocks at the approaches to the course have been "ironed out" with the help of the Sussex police.

Nothing possible, indeed, is left undone to ensure the comfort and enjoyment of visitors to this jewel of English race-meetings.



BARBELLES AND BAY MIDDLETON, winner of the Derby in 1836, by John F. Herring. The pictures reproduced here will appear on the cover of the Goodwood racecards this year



EMILIUS, winner of the 1823 Derby. At the age of twenty-four he was bought privately by Lord George Bentinck and brought to Goodwood, where he sired many winners



SULTAN, another great sire and winner of ten classic races and two Ascot Gold Cups, as painted by John F. Herring. He produced many good winners including Glencoe

Roundabout

Paul Holt



"The dignity of a duke varies with the occasion"

A SILVER-BLONDE wearing a white diamond mink stole (which is going some) is in London in search of a duke. Her name is Vicki Benet, she is twenty-three and her explanation is simple.

She is willing to pay this aristocrat, who must be telegenic (amenable to the rigour of the TV camera), £350 a week to act as compère of her commercial TV show in America.

"The man I choose must have dignity—that's why I want a peer. Of course, I would like a duke, because I think they have more dignity than, say, an earl."

To Miss Benet, who is obviously sincere, I would say: The dignity of a duke varies with the occasion. You never can tell.

There was the famous example of a Duke of Portland who built a vast underground city for himself beneath Welbeck Abbey.

Once every six months or so he would go down there to grow a beard. The retainers used to say "His Grace has gone to ground," and go about their business.

When the Duke had become hirsute to his satisfaction he would emerge by moonlight to go to explore, it is said, the pleasures of the drapery business in London.

Once his Duchess came in to buy some taffeta, so the story goes; but she did not recognize her husband.

THEN there was the occasion when the great Duke of Wellington, returning from his triumph at the Battle of Torres Vedras in the Iberian peninsula, decided he would like to see a friend.

She was a lady of some standing in those days, Miss Harriette Wilson, daughter of a Swiss watchmaker who had settled in London. Sir Walter Scott described her as "... far from beautiful, but a smart, saucy girl, with good eyes and dark hair, and the manners of a wild schoolboy."

The Duke made the mistake of hurrying to her house so late at night that the Duke

of Argyll had got there before him. The lady made Argyll go to the window dressed in her nightcap and dressing gown and shout down to Wellington "to be off to your neglected wife and family duties."

YET another Duke, of Bolton, fell in love with Miss Lavinia Fenton, daughter of a Charing Cross coffee-house keeper. Lavinia had made her fame as the originator of the part of Polly Peachum in Gay's *The Beggar's Opera*. She was an odd girl, virtuous against her will.

At last Bolton took her away to the Continent by coach. Always following them in a second coach was a priest—"in the event Mistress Fenton should take it into her head to get married."

Of course, I do not want to alarm Miss Benet, for I know that modern dukes behave in the main with circumspection.

But some slight flair for gaiety lingers.



"One 100-8 winner a day"

There is the case of that splendid man the present Duke of Argyll. By the time these words appear in print his life work may have been achieved. His long search for the sunken Spanish galleon *Florencia*, believed to be the pay-ship of the Armada, sunk in Tobermory Bay off the island of Mull, is near the end. Already a cannon ball and a rusty dagger have been dredged up and, says the Duke, "I feel the discovery of the galleon itself is imminent. We are definitely on the right track."

I HOPE so. If the Duke succeeds he should put these promised treasures on show in London. They would be as great a draw for the crowd as the Diaghilef Exhibition. And he should be chief guide, for every doubloon, piece of eight, chalice, goblet and armoury is his, and if he does not show them off himself, after all these years of faithful effort, I feel he might become disconsolate.

The other duke to have an eye on just now is the Duke of Devonshire. He took his guests up the river in two boats for a midsummer midnight cruise; but when they got home again he wouldn't let them ashore, but ordered the captains to cast off and make for midstream and the band to play again.

"I don't want to go to bed; I could dance all night," cried His Grace. And probably did, too.

All in all, perhaps Miss Benet would do better with a nice, cosy baronet. It means little to her, really, for she explains.

"I call them all Lord. It's so simple."

★ ★ ★

MY theory is that anybody backing horses at the recent Ascot meeting needed to have their heads examined. For the course is a new one and all the jockeys came strange to it, not knowing how it would ride or where the crucial moment in each race occurred.

And the horses must have been confused, too. For they had all been trained to

reach peak more than a month ago, so had to be let down and built up again.

Still, it didn't turn out too badly. For one 100-8 winner is better than three placed horses in a row.

I only hope the jockeys, given this new freedom, went their own sweet ways for a change. Not listening to the flood of advice and instruction, but getting the feel of the horse between their knees and then seeing what it would do.

My favourite racing story concerns a famous jockey who is hard of hearing.

One day at the course he forgot his hearing aid, but that did not deter owners and trainers from speaking to him.

That afternoon he brought in three medium priced outsiders in a row and attracted some astonishing remarks in the unsaddling enclosure.

The jockey, oblivious to it all, went off happily to the weighing room, a day's work done.

★ ★ ★

IN a lifelong search for the original English gentleman I think I have found him. He was a Plantagenet, Richard I, known as Coeur de Lion. Of course, the man was hardly an Englishman, spent most of his life on the Continent or in the Middle East, and when he died it was a great accident that he became a national English hero, for the people here knew hardly anything about him at all. But if his life was not English, his manner of dying most certainly was.

Near Chalus, a small town in the Limousin, a peasant ploughing in the year 1199 turned up with his share a set piece in solid gold of an emperor, his wife and daughter, sitting at a golden table with golden coins set in.

Achard of Chalus claimed it; his overlord Aimar of Limoges claimed it; and Richard claimed it.

He had to fight for it. He laid siege to Chalus and went about it with his usual bravado. Seeing a crossbowman aiming at him a particularly well-aimed bolt he stopped to shout applause before leaping away from its flight.

"Bravo!" he cried. And died.

★ ★ ★

Two ladies, Mrs. Rosa Paterson and Miss Mary Mitchell Bell, have had to go to Marylebone County Court to ask that their landlord allow them free access to their flat.

The landlord said he was sorry about it, but the ladies had a cat which is a witch. The animal, he says, has cast a spell on his wife and caused her to destroy documents, letters and books belonging to him.

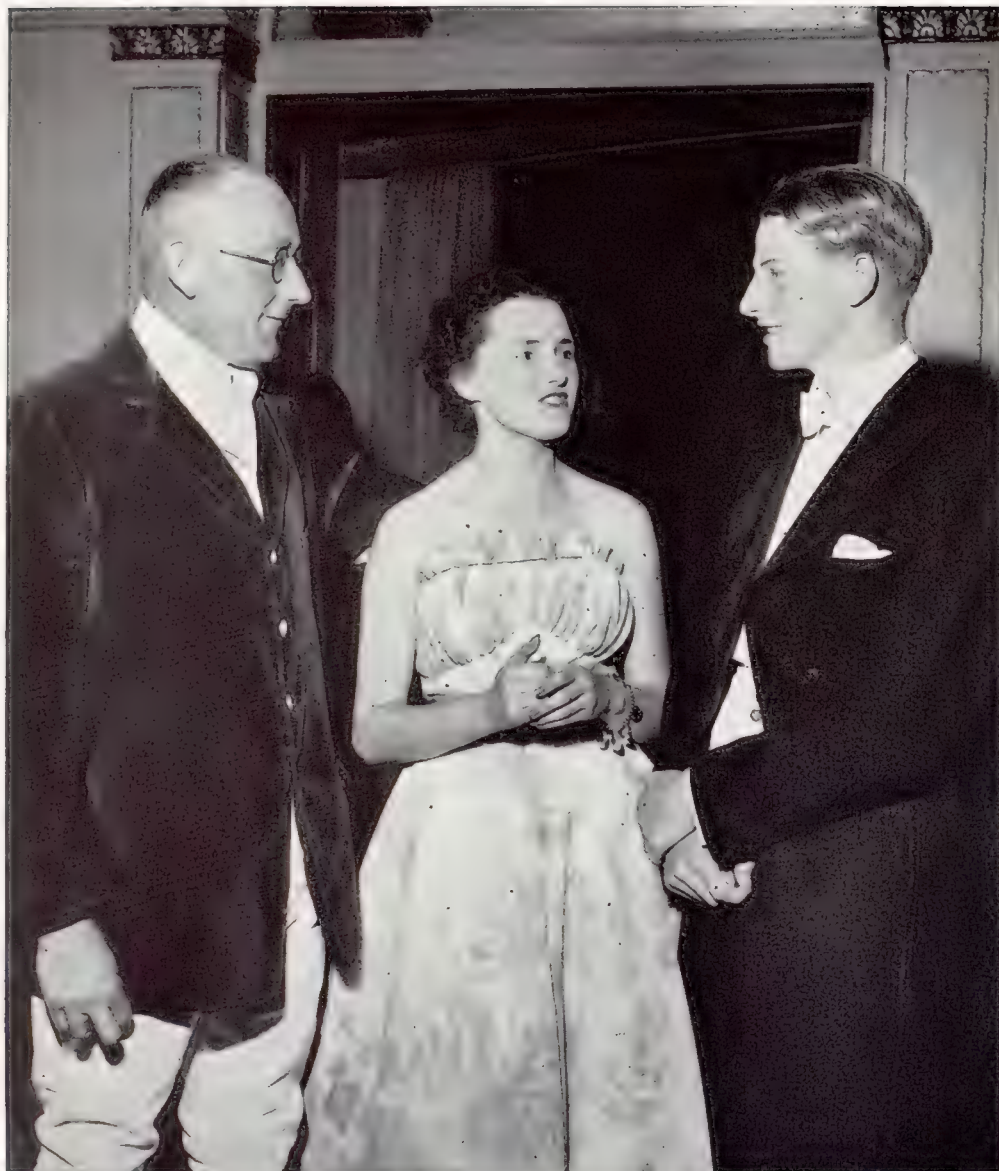
I do not doubt that cats are witches. The idea goes back to Egyptian mythology. They are, more truthfully, the "familiars" of witches and warlocks and are invaluable.

But I never before heard of a cat being concerned in what seems to be something like a rent dispute case at a County Court.

They generally have far more important matters on hand.



SIR EDMUND HILLARY, K.B.E., whose thirty-sixth birthday it is today, must surely be the most illustrious beekeeper who ever handled a skep. His achievement in surmounting Everest with the British Expedition of 1953 appears to grow in significance and impressiveness every year, the test of a truly great deed. Now he has told with engaging modesty and directness his personal story of that epic climb, in *High Adventure* (Hodder and Stoughton, 16s.) which is published tomorrow. It will certainly take its place among the classics of adventure; it is incidentally a superb handbook of mountaineering technique, and a generous tribute to his co-climber, Sherpa Tenzing, G.M., his "support group," and the pioneers on the mountain. It is the clearest proof, if any more were needed, that Sir John Hunt chose wisely the spearhead for that noble conquest



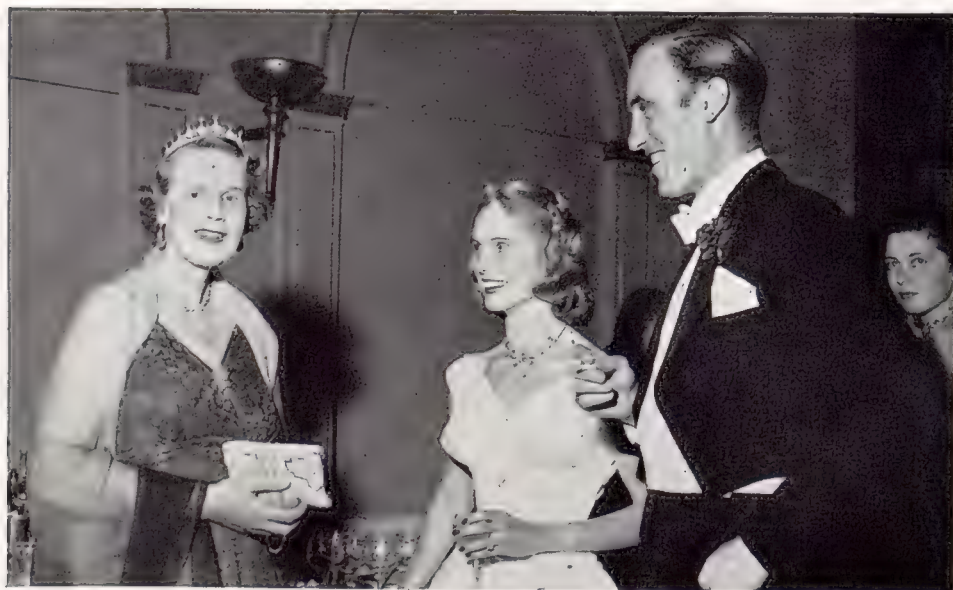
Miss Gillian Brooke and Mr. John Gibb.
The Duchess of Gloucester was Patron and
the Duke of Beaufort President of the ball



Miss Joanna Cooke and Mr. Derek Crossman
were admiring an interesting painting of the
Eton Beagles which was displayed at the ball

ETON BEAGLES HAD A "PARK LANE" MEET

SEVERAL M.F.H.s and guests from other public schools attended the Eton Beagles ball at the Dorchester. Above: E. Knight, kennel-huntsman of the Beagles, Miss Primrose Priday and Mr. Dominic Barrington-Browne, the Master



Mrs. W. E. Barrington-Browne, mother of Mr.
D. S. Barrington-Browne, Master of the Eton Beagles,
Mrs. Carleton Tufnell and Capt. Edward Farquhar



Desmond O'Neill
Mr. Lennox Money, who is at Eton, and Miss
Mirabelle Thomas. The evening consisted of dinner
and dancing which went on until the early hours



At The Races

POLO ON THE EQUATOR

THE ancient game of polo, dating back to well before the twelfth century, very often bursts forth in the most unexpected places, and my Editor has kindly handed me a letter from a correspondent in Lagos, where they have a very flourishing little polo club, and seem to hit quite a lot of fun out of it.

The correspondent (Mr. Davison) does not tell us of what breed are the ponies; he only says that they are "often very strange and violent in their habits"! I should not be surprised to be told that they are imported Arabs, for he says that they are mostly entires. Those martial little steeds must have been the ones upon which the sportsmen who inspired the lyrical references by Firdausi, Omar Khayyam and others played. Mr. Davison says that "The local population knows nothing about horses," and so, of course, does not breed them, but anyway they enjoy themselves, so what's the odds.

INCIDENTALLY, it has been claimed that polo did not originate in Persia but in Manipur, a state on the North-East frontier of India. This has been disputed, and, so far as I know, the actual place of origin has never been definitely settled. Anyway, if it was first started in Manipur, it spread rapidly westward all along the Indian frontier, until it reached Persia, and Omar Khayyam and his friends got to know about it.

I cannot believe that either Omar or Firdausi ever played the game, but one of their friends may have done so, for I would not put it past "The Old Man of the Mountains" (Hasan Ibn Sabbah), Chief of the Tribe of the Assassins. Our word "assassin" is supposed to derive from his name, and I should not wonder if it did; but nothing, apparently, was too hot or too heavy for that old rip.

A TRIBE of professional throttlers, the thugs, certainly were the descendants of Hasan Ibn Sabbah's Ismailis, of whom we have a very distinguished racehorse-owner in our midst to-day; in fact he is the head of the sect, and, incidentally, I hope is now making a good recovery from his recent indisposition.

There were three worthies who were friends at the time of Hasan Ibn Sabbah, viz.: Mizam ul Mulk, later head cashier to the Shah, and our old friend Omar Khayyam, and they made a pact to meet again when they had all grown up into big boys, and tell one another what they had done; and they did.

However, to revert to Mr. Davison; though he may not have played any real high-speed polo himself, I gather that he has seen plenty of it, which is the next best thing, for he speaks of the Argentinians, who, like the crack Americans, knew all about the top-speed variety, the only kind worth bothering about. The standing still kind gets no one anywhere, neither does the cantering game. The very essence of it is speed. However, if all the animals are of much the same class, as no doubt they are in Lagos, and other unlikely spots, they should get a lot of fun out of it, as I am sure they do.

—SABRETACHE



THE QUEEN AT NOTTINGHAM. Her Majesty, accompanied by Prince Philip, paid a visit to the Royal Agricultural Show at Wollaton Park, Nottingham. Above: The Grove Rufford hounds parade past the Royal box. Below: The Queen presents the Challenge Cup to the winner of the Hunter Class, Major M. Beaumont, Master of the Kildare, for his horse What a Walk, which was last year's Dublin champion



The winning coaching team, Mr. Tom Parker's four-in-hand drag coach, drawn by a mixed team of bays, repeated their Royal Counties success. The coaches had a six-mile journey on roads surrounding the ground before reaching the show ring



A. R. B. Neame (captain of Harrow) nicked a ball from I. A. C. Sinclair (Eton), but the fieldsman failed to bring off a catch, though diving full length in the attempt

HEATWAVE REJOICED ETON AND HARROW XI

THE weather was exceptionally kind this year to one of the season's most enjoyable events, the Eton and Harrow match at Lord's. A large gathering of spectators saw Eton beat Harrow by 38 runs despite a Harrow hat-trick—first in this fixture since 1900—with only ten minutes to go



D. R. Stoddart and C. T. M. Pugh going out to open the Eton first innings. They scored fast, knocking up 50 within the hour



The coaches were once again a great feature of the scene. Here were Mrs. Edward Clive, Mrs. Olaf Buxton, Mr. Edward Clive, Lady Steel and Mr. Olaf Buxton, whose coach it was. On the box is Louise Clive



Major R. Hoare, his daughter Miss Tessa Hoare, Mrs. W. W. Hicks-Beach, wife of the M.P. for Cheltenham, Rosemary Hicks-Beach and Peter Hoare



Mr. and Mrs. Norman Parsons, who had come down from Birmingham for the two-day occasion, and Mr. John and Miss Jean Barnard-Hankey

Below: Débutante Miss Charlotte Pumphrey seen here with Mr. Patrick Marsham, of the Eton eleven

Below: Miss June Ashley, the actress, and her husband, Major N. Daniel, had just been holidaying in Italy



Major-Gen. Sir John and Lady Sinclair, who live near Chichester, talking to their son, I. A. C. Sinclair, an Eton batsman



Miss Rosemary Esch, a young artist who lives in Chelsea, and Mr. John Millard Barnes, of Gerrards Cross



Lady Ohlson, wife of Sir Eric Ohlson, Bt., and her younger son Peter, who is at Harrow. They live at Scarborough



At The Theatre

A DEFECT OF CHARACTERS

Anthony Cookman

Illustrations by Emmwood



LAURA (JANE BAXTER) is torn with all the anguish and humiliation of a woman married to a discredited scientist and social outcast

MR. NORMAN KING has hit on a good subject in *The Shadow of Doubt*, which Mr. John Clements brings to the Saville, but for lack of ambition or of inspiration, he does no more with the subject than make it the pretext for a moderately exciting tale.

The shadow of the title falls on a well-known physicist who has been imprisoned for giving away top secrets. He is having a thin time trying under an assumed name to support his loyal wife and himself.

His job is uncongenial, but in time it may enable him to forget his bitter experiences. An anonymous letter to a newspaper reveals his identity, and the authorities, who have never been fully satisfied with the explanation he gave of his actions at his trial and have been keeping him under surveillance, are at once on the alert. Is this anonymous letter the first move by foreign agents to engage or to re-engage the invaluable services of this unemployed scientist?

This strikes me as a good subject, because it raises a number of newish questions well

worth exploring in a dramatic study of character. A physicist excluded from laboratories while his mind is still producing fascinating ideas out of reach of others without his training and inspired aptitude for research is, humanly speaking, as sad a figure as the figure of the old shipbuilder in *Love on the Dole* beating his brow and crying out despairingly for work.

HERE is one possible inlet into good drama. Another occurs if the physicist happens to hold the view that science can know no frontiers, and that before 1914 all our great scientists shared their knowledge with their fellow researchers the world over. There is a third possibility in the suggestion that a brilliant observer whose pet discovery has been proved worthless by his superiors might be induced by wounded professional pride and helpless vanity to blurt out all his special knowledge into sympathetic ears.

Mr. King is aware of all these possibilities, but their only value to him is that they will fit into a piece of smooth story-telling. It is a story that nowhere springs our sense of character. The things that are happening, we tell ourselves, are things that might well happen in the circumstances, but they come to us as through a flat newspaper report which makes good reading but leaves us wondering what the people involved are really like. It is the business of a dramatist to tell us what the people of his story are really like; and it is here that Mr. King conspicuously fails us.

WE have to make the best we can of a neatly mechanical story, and Mr. Clements and his company are consistently helpful. Mr. Clements himself nicely touches in a realistic portrait of a good man still unstrung by the memory of a horrible humiliation and likely, when something reminds him of his wasted talent, to do the wrong thing. His secret longing to get back to his laboratories and his experiments can become so overpowering that it is almost plausible that he should step into a booby-trap that would hardly deceive a child.

Yet Mr. Clements manages by the authority of his playing to suggest that this guilelessness is consistent with remarkable scientific attainments. He also manages to convey that the hero, though always on the verge of a whining self-pity, is essentially a decent chap who is not altogether blind to the sacrifices which he—a dedicated scientist—is enforcing on his devoted wife.

MR. RAYMOND HUNTLEY serves the story no less well in his way. He gives a curiously sinister air to the efficiency of the big man from M.I.5, who suspects that he is dealing with a traitor, envisages the possibility that the traitor may be no more than an unworldly fool but, in any event, is taking no chances. Mr. Patrick Barr reflects simply and well the conflict of loyalties likely to occur in the life of a spy whose business it is to make friends with his victims. Miss Jane Baxter has the hardest job of all as the loyal wife. She has throughout the whole evening to sustain tension on a single note. Mr. Henry Hewitt, in an all-too-brief intervention, seems twice as audible as anyone else in this big theatre, because it is natural to him to run up and down the vocal scale whenever he speaks.

It is hard to resist the suspicion that the play was written with the television screen in mind. There, at all events, its way of turning dialogue into orderly and rather flat narrative would be twice as effective.



KNAVE OR MARTYR? The scientist (John Clements), condemned by his country and shunned by his fellows, suffers torments of doubt over the past and indecision for the future, and is tail-twisted without mercy by M.I.5 investigators, Frank (Patrick Barr) and Manning (Raymond Huntley)



Sir A. P. Herbert and composer Vivian Ellis combine again to produce a new musical entertainment, *The Water Gypsies*

London Limelight

Two Men in a Showboat

MR. PETER SAUNDERS, who is notable for having struck gold from Mrs. Agatha Christie's faultless mines of criminal lore, has had the very good sense to add Sir Alan Herbert and Vivian Ellis to his activities. This is the combine of *Bless the Bride*, the last of the great Cochran musicals, still unchallenged in the lineage of English musical comedy. *The Water Gypsies* is based on Sir Alan's novel of that name, and it will star Miss Dora Bryan, who has been miscast of late but is a delicious comedienne in the best Lyric (Hammersmith) tradition. Mr. Norman Hackforth, a composer in his own right and the best cabaret-star accompanist now in the business, will also appear, as will Ernest Butcher, a very eminent old-timer, who made the rest of the cast of *Guys and Dolls* look like amateurs when he returned to his old home ground, the Coliseum, recently.

Wallas Eaton, of the *Take It From Here* team, is another colourful member of the cast, as is Jerry Verno, the eminent pantomime comedian.

Charles Hickman is producing.

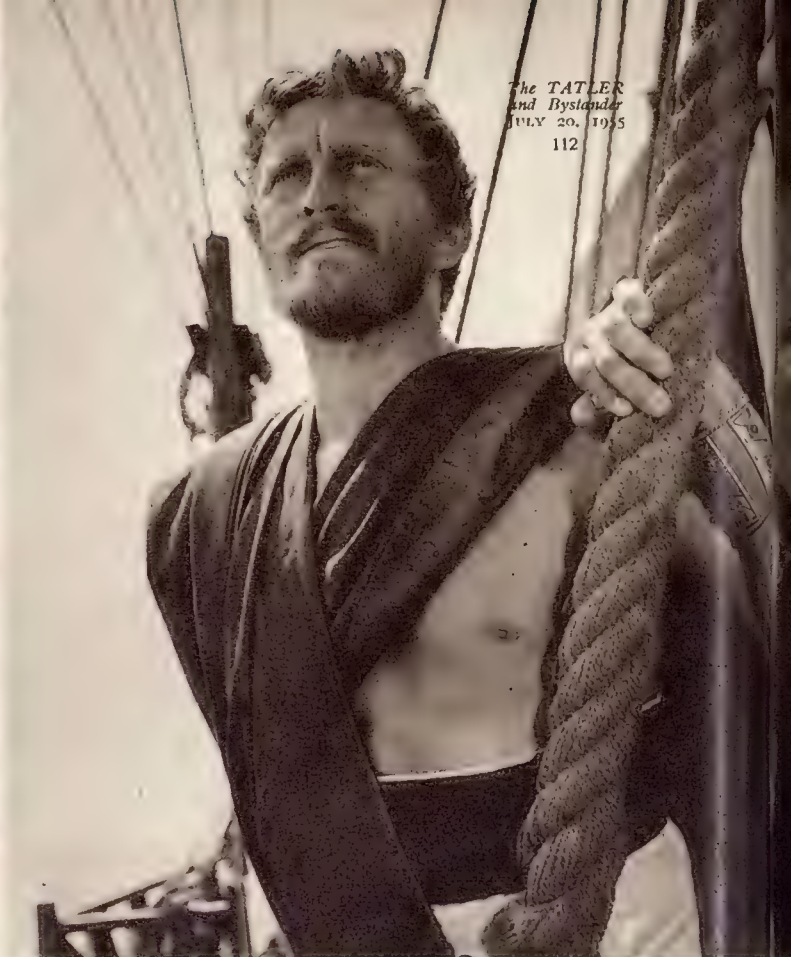
It is nice to know that Mr. Saunders will not repeat the late C. B. Cochran's last, and very rare, error of judgment. He is sticking to a good title. The ill-fated *Tough at the Top* was an afterthought of the great showman's, and one which had no real meaning for matinée audiences. The original name of the show, which was infinitely more appropriate, was *Kiss in the Ring*.

SANDY WILSON's second musical, *The Buccaneer*, which first bloomed at the Watergate, about two years ago, has found at last a full-scale backer in the form of Messrs. Tennent, who will bring it to the Lyric, Hammersmith, in the autumn. The play concerns fantastic efforts to keep *The Buccaneer*, a boy's paper, alive in the face of strong competition from the more advanced *Atomic Comic*—a plot which seems to have escaped from an Ealing stable. The cast will include Elliott Makeham, Betty Warren, Sally Baizley and Kenneth Williams, with William Chappell directing. About Mr. Wilson's major work, a luxurious frolic describing the girl friends of Henry VIII., there seems to be a considerable quantity of silence.

—Youngman Carter

SENA JURINAC, portrayed as the Countess in this year's production of *The Marriage of Figaro* at Glyndebourne, is one of the finest living sopranos. She is an opera singer by vocation, and made her debut at Zagreb, in her native Yugoslavia, in 1942. Two years later she joined the Vienna Opera and has been a leading member of that important Company ever since. She made her first appearance as guest artiste at Glyndebourne as Dorabella in *Così fan Tutte* in 1949, and was so impressive as a singer of Mozart roles (though her repertoire is far more extensive) that she has sung there every year since, and has also appeared at the Edinburgh Festival and Covent Garden

Armstrong Jones



At the Pictures

THE OLDEST QUARREL

WEARY of the squelching squalor of Mr. John Steinbeck's *Cannery Row* period and his harping on the uplift to be derived from mingling with down-and-outs, I had rather given him up—but if his novel, *East of Eden*, as a whole, is as good as the last few chapters on which a most moving film of the same title has been based, then he is certainly once more worth reading.

Mr. Steinbeck is reported to have said, "in all humility," that he is glad his book contributed, among all other contributions, to what is probably the best motion picture he has ever seen. I gather from this unusual display of modesty that the author has a lively appreciation of the fact that his adaptor—Mr. Paul Osborn; the producer-director—Mr. Elia Kazan; the art directors—Messrs. James Basevi and Malcolm Bert, and the players have all done him uncommonly proud.

MR. STEINBECK could scarcely claim that the story is new. It is as old as Adam—or, rather, as Adam's first-born—and only Heaven knows how many times it has been retold and re-enacted since the Book of Genesis was written. The setting here is California at the time of World War I., but the essential tragedy is the ancient one of brother turning against brother, of violence engendered by jealousy. Though Mr. Steinbeck has turned from the

Old Testament to the New for his ending—reminding us of Our Lord's commandment, "Love one another"—the drama retains all its potency.

Adam Trask (Mr. Raymond Massey), a deeply religious farmer, has twin sons—docile Aron (Mr. Richard Davalos), whom he loves and understands, and Cal (Mr. James Dean), whose wildness and sullenness he strives patiently to forgive but cannot comprehend. Brought up to believe their mother is dead, Aron creates in his heart a saintly image of her: she must, he knows, have been pure and beautiful. Cal broods about her and concludes she must have been bad: since his father is so righteous a man, how else explain the badness in himself?

ANOTHER explanation is put forward by Abra (Miss Julie Harris), the young girl Aron hopes to marry: Cal finds himself unloved, as she once did. Inevitably her understanding and pity draw and bind her to him.

When Cal learns the truth about his mother—that she is in fact alive and keeps a flourishing brothel in a neighbouring town—he keeps it to himself until one day, in sudden anger, he uses it as the weapon with which to destroy his brother.

Like Cain, Cal then knows the despair of one who has committed an irreparable wrong, but, more blessed than the first fratricide, he receives, at the hands of Abra

and Adam, the twin gifts of mercy and love.

All the characters are presented in the round—the good have their faults, the bad their redeeming qualities. The scenes between Cal, the youth baffled by his own iniquity, and Abra, the girl tremulous on the brink of passionate womanhood, are almost unbearably poignant. There should be Oscars in the offing for Mr. Dean, a newcomer to the screen, and Miss Harris—and for Mr. Kazan, who has made, if not the best motion picture I have ever seen, at least an exceptionally fine and memorable film.

THERE is something about a sailor—and, according to the tradition of film musicals, it is this: he is always accompanied by two other sailors. You don't believe me? Well, think of *On the Town*—or, if you like, you can go farther back and fare worse and think of *Sailors Three*. Sailors in triplicate is the rule, and now along comes *Hit the Deck* to endorse it.

This M.-G.-M. musical has neither the freshness nor the imagination of their earlier nautical offering, *On the Town*—in fact, it struck me as stale and flat, though, because of its tunes and dance numbers, I dare say it will not prove unprofitable.

The sailors are Messrs. Tony Martin, Vic Damone and Russ Tamblyn, and they are on leave in San Francisco, where they get mixed up with an admiral's daughter, a night-club singer and a young actress



Debbie Reynolds teases Russ Tamblyn on his choice of playmate in *Hit the Deck*

Television

MATTER OF ARGUMENT

Freda Bruce Lockhart

BY September viewers may expect two party political foursofms. When senior wranglers Robert Boothby, A. J. P. Taylor, Michael Foot and even Lord Hailsham were reported to have signed commercial contracts, I hoped that I.T.A.'s gain need not be the B.B.C.'s loss.

The first post-election "In the News" was a much more mannerly affair, conducted by three new, young M.P.s and irreproachable veteran trade unionist George Woodcock. Members of one party even dared disagree. Friday's session seems a tame return to such proven second strings as Gaitskill, Griffiths, Elliott and Pickthorn, all four lively enough in their own right.

A SUCCESSFUL device for showing off, or showing up, personalities is the "At Home" series. There is every reason to expect Mrs. Pandit, India's High Commissioner in London, to make a brilliant hostess to-night at her Kensington Palace Gardens residence.



The drama department ranges disconcertingly high and low. This might be Third Programme week. On Tuesday, Rudolph Cartier produces Anouilh's *Eurydice*, presented in the West End as *Point of Departure*, and now for obscurity's sake retitled *Valley of Shadows*. Laurence Payne and Jeanette Sterke, whom Cartier teamed rather excitingly in *Midsummer Fire*, play the lovers.

SUNDAY'S play is Eliot's *The Confidential Clerk*. The very number one cast includes Olga Lindo, whom I am growing to think the finest actress on TV, and Isabel Jeans, who was seen on TV in her original part in the excerpt televised from the Edinburgh Festival opening. Joan Greenwood, who gave some interesting television performances until she bumped into a panel game, plays Lucasta, as she did on Broadway. Alexander Knox and Kenneth Haigh—in the title-role—lead the men.

Sunday's musical moment is given by the Italian vocal quartet from Glyndebourne, whose previous performance was one of the gayest of TV memories.

Gramophone

A NEW COMET BLAZES

Robert Tredinnick

WHAT must any recording artist have to offer, in order to sell 900,000 copies of a single gramophone record in the space of a few months? The answer to that can be found in an intelligently-proportioned appraisal of the capabilities of the singer in question, Catherina Valente.

Born in Paris of Italian parents, she was educated in Spain. Later she played stooge to her mother, who is considered to be the best female clown living to-day. Her father is an accordion virtuoso. In 1952 she married the juggler Erik van Aro and became his assistant, then in the autumn of 1953 she asked for an audition at the Suedwestdeutsche Rundfunk studios in Baden-Baden, where Kurt Edel-hagen is musical director. He had been looking for a new singer for a considerable time, and though in doubt about her possibilities, agreed to give Catherina a hearing. But when he had listened to half a dozen songs, he knew that he had found a singer who in a few months would be a star.

IT is her recording of "The Breeze and I" that has sold nearly a million copies in the U.S.A., this following the sale of 500,000 copies of her first release there of the popular Latin-American piece "Malaguena," of which there were already 347 different recordings available.

Now she is given special release here on Polydor, singing "This Must Be Wrong," backed by "My Lonely Lover," both accompanied by Kurt Edelhagen and his musicians.

Listening to the first-named number, Valente makes a definite impact in the space

of seconds. She is a singer of jazz as opposed to being just another singer of popular songs, and it is for this reason that I believe it to be a pity that on her waxen debut here she should be given "My Lonely Lover" as an alternative vehicle for her talents. Neither the song nor the way it is presented (and let me add that the presentation is of a very high standard) does real justice to this fascinating new singer, who has already conquered two Continents with her art. (Polydor BM. 6001.)



CATHERINA VALENTE, a new singer of great magnetism and impressive vocal power, who has just had her first record released in England

HOMER IN TECHNICOLOR is the Italian film industry's latest triumph, in the form of *Ulysses* (Marble Arch Pavilion). An international team of script-writers and actors worked on this costly and superbly-dressed film, in which Silvana Mangano takes the part of both Circe the enchantress (left, above) and of Ulysses's neglected wife, Penelope (right), while the name-part is played by Kirk Douglas (centre). The Italian locations, being so similar to those of ancient Greece, add greatly to the film's authenticity

(the Misses Jane Powell, Ann Miller and Debbie Reynolds), a philandering actor (Mr. Gene Raymond), the Shore Patrol, an admiral (Mr. Walter Pidgeon) and a stage production of the old Vincent Youmans musical comedy from which the film takes its title.

Miss Powell sings like a sophisticated lark and Miss Miller dances like a Chinese cracker, but it is Miss Reynolds I go for: all dewy youthfulness, she lends a dullish film a momentary sparkle.

IN *The Sea Chase* our leather-faced friend, Mr. John Wayne, finds himself, as the captain of a German vessel, stuck in Sydney harbour at the outbreak of the last war. Though no Nazi he, he conceives it to be his duty to take his ship home to Germany. In defiance of the authorities, he slips away under cover of fog. He has aboard a very nasty German Navy secret agent (Mr. Lyle Bettger) and a beautiful blonde spy (Miss Lana Turner)—so you can count upon trouble and romance.

The whole point of the film (and I don't know how true it is) is that the German captain is able to fox the British Navy from Sydney clear to Valparaiso, and thence, via Cape Horn, to the shores of Norway. Mr. David Farrar, as a pursuing Commander, R.N., looks frightfully snarly about this—and I must say it is a little irritating that he never gets his man.

—Elsbeth Grant



Mr. Peter Batchelor riding, to the accompaniment of enthusiastic applause, the bicycle which he won in the lucky programme draw



Above: Lady Bird, a vice-chairman of the ball executive, and Lord Huntingfield. Below: Major-Gen. Sir John Marriott, chairman of committee, with Lady Price, ball chairman



PRINCESS ALEXANDRA HONoured

A happy and gracious evening
with a Commonwealth background

Lord and Lady Mancroft sitting-out. The programme included a raffle prize draw made by the Princess

Sir Thomas White, High Commissioner for Australia, and Miss Anne Ziegler, who sang in the cabaret



Lady Moyra Hamilton, lady-in-waiting to Princess Alexandra, dancing with the Marquess of Hertford

Mrs. Michael Belmont and Mr. John Hughes-Reckitt were among those who were enjoying the dancing

Sir Henry Price, Bt., the hon. treasurer of the Victoria League, Lady Harcourt and Admiral Sir Cecil Harcourt, G.B.E., K.C.B., who was one of the six deputy Presidents of the ball



Van Hallan

VICTORIA LEAGUE BALL

THE annual ball of the Victoria League, that distinguished society which has done so much to promote understanding between the peoples of the Commonwealth, was held at the Dorchester Hotel, and under the presidency of Mary Duchess of Devonshire was a great success. Above: R.H. Princess Alexandra of Kent, who had just been received at the ball by Mary Duchess of Devonshire (centre), was presented with a bouquet by Miss Elizabeth Cameron Wilson

Standing By . . .

BEAUTY FROM THE SKY

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

DESCENDING on her constituents the other day (*vide* Press) by helicopter, a Parliamentary glamour-girl's inspiration reminded us vaguely of some work of art or other. It turned out to be that painting of the goddess Flora, *circa* 1790, by Richard Cosway, R.A., in the act of dispensing her favours on the earth; a well-nourished charmer of the Lady Hamilton vintage, floating elegantly in mid-sky and dropping spring blooms on, apparently, the natives of Switzerland.

From this it occurs to one that by substituting parachutes for helicopters (stop us if we're getting romantic) we have the ideal future technique for visiting girl M.P.s. And if something goes wrong and some exquisite legislatrix remains hovering over the citizenry, like Flora, for a day or two, so much more agreeable the spectacle to lovers of beauty.

This the Beau Monde shall from the Mall survey,

And hail with Musick its propitious Ray,
This the blest Lover shall for *Venus* take,
And send up Vows from *Rosamunda's* Lake . . .

Meanwhile a BBC commentator screaming himself into a frenzy at 350 words a minute ("Now-she's-scattering-chocolates-on-the-crowd-from-175-feet-no-178-wait-a-minute-yes-no-it's-flowers-simple-wild-flowers-primroses-buttercups-daisies-forgetmenots-geraniums-no-YES-WAIT-A-MINUTE-GERANIUMS-IN-POTS!!") would convey, as usual, the impression that the Race was interested.

Well, yes, in a way, no doubt. Wossup? Dunno. Wossat? New soapflakes or sumpting. Oh. (Exit, mumbling.)

Chal

OUTSIDE the ranks of I Zingari, the famous amateur Romany XI, any gypsy with a clean face is suspected of casting the Evil Eye, as is well known. That Staffordshire plan for herding 600 local gypsies into caravan-sites with water and sanitation laid on seems to us, therefore, a typically stupid gorgio trap for the Romany Chal, doomed to failure in advance.

There was, it seems, a time when I Zingari didn't wash either, not to mention the rattle-taggle horde of fierce dark women carrying baskets and babies, howling and dancing the Farruca and selling tinware and telling fortunes, who used to follow them on the field; to the disgust of serious cricket-lovers, who assumed them to be French. However, a runaway sweetheart from Mayfair turned

up at the camp one day in the 1880's with a cake of soap and the glittering eyes of the Zingari captain, El Jaguar, marked her for his own. Her initial rejection of his overtures is recorded in Wisden for that year:

And most of all I pity thy wild heart,
That hurries thee to crime and deeds of blood!
Hardly less irksome is thy filthy face (etc.).

It is not a pretty story. The captain knifed his best bowler and took to furtive washing. By 1905 most of I Zingari had followed this example. They thus became the only clean gypsies in the Romany world. This programme comes to you by courtesy of Sloppo Detergents (Ltd.).

Merrie

HAVING ruled that folkdancing is not one of the fine arts, the Court of Appeal should have stated what it actually is. It is a fertility-rite, a chap in close touch tells us, like cricket.

This definition covers every kind of embarrassment from the Maypole down to the picturesque Surrey Messuage Choral Dance, collected by Miss Parsley from the lips of a dying house-agent of 95 in Croydon; a vigorous dance rather like the old Breton *trihorry*, expressing the Surrey house-agent's traditional welcome to the mating-season. (1, *The Order-to-View*; 2, *Love's Messuage*; 3, *The Chase*.) Of course broadmindedness in these matters is essential, but we think Mr. Hopjoy, Master of the Revels, was right to rebuke little Mrs. "Boubou" Whipsnade in a Maypole demonstration-dance down our way not long ago for what he described as "an intolerable rolling of the eyes combined with excessive undulation of hips and diaphragm, recalling the unseemly contortions of the Ouled-Nail rather than the healthy frolicking of Merrie Englande."

Mrs. Whipsnade retorted, rather tartly, with a few remarks on Symbolism, rallying a blushing taborer with the cry "The Folk-dance Society is with us!" A rather debased public opinion would, we think, have been with her as well—down our way the natives love the *danse du ventre*—had not some 95 per cent. of the locals been at the nearest cinema.

Lines

MORE or Less in Defence of the Sparrows of Parliament Square, S.W.1:

Big boys' statues all remind us—
One can almost hear their words—
If we leave our hats behind us,
Nobody can blame the birds.

(LONGFELLOW.)

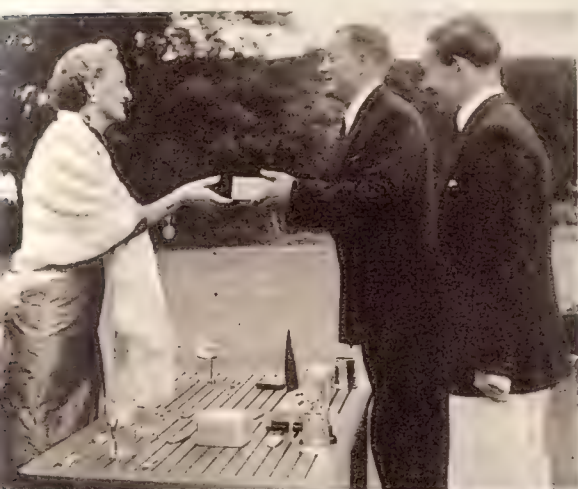
BRIGGS

by Graham



"Haircut!"

Mrs. H. S. N. Simms-Adams, hands prizes to Mr. C. Currey and Mr. Tony Warrilow at her home, Brancaster Hall



Mr. Peter Hansen-Bay, Mrs. F. J. H. Nelson, Mrs. G. N. Beakley and Mr. J. E. A. Lambert, at a party at Ling House



Mrs. W. J. Borthwick, Lt.-Col. C. T. A. Beevor, of the Royal Norfolk and Suffolk Y.C., who acted as race officer, Mr. Tom Bowett and Mrs. J. E. A. Lambert



Racing in Brancaster Bay. Nearest are Waggy II (K.74, Mrs. G. Simms-Adams) and Northern Lights (116, Mr. J. E. A. Lambert)

A SAILING WEEK IN NORFOLK FOR THE SHARPIES

A WEEK of excellent racing was enjoyed by helmsmen and crews from many parts of the country and from Holland in International 12-metre Sharpies for which a series of races were given by the Brancaster Staithe Sailing Club in Norfolk.

Representative boats from British centres and five from Holland came to Brancaster Staithe to compete for the two principal international trophies, the Duke of Connaught Trophy and the Spring Rice Cup, and the British Sharpie Trophy. Weather conditions were excellent during the whole week and helmsmen and crews had every opportunity to display their seamanship and skill.

The international racing was followed by a further race day of Olympic Trials, which were eagerly watched by observers of the Olympic Committee of the Royal Yacht Racing Association. Their aim was to select a small number of British boats and helmsmen, to form the short list for the 1956 Olympic Games.

Members of the Brancaster Staithe Sailing Club, led by the flag officers, did everything to make the visitors comfortable, giving them hospitality at the club as well as in their homes. The two international prizes were both won by Dutch helmsmen, while the British Sharpie Trophy went to Charles Currey and his crew, Tony Warrilow, who gained the highest number of points among the British entries in their Southern Sun from Itchenor.

A GIFTED YOUNG FRENCHWOMAN

MLLE. PATRICIA CHAUVEL, who is the daughter of the French Ambassador to Britain, has crowded a variety of incidents and interests into her twenty-five years. She was born in the Lebanon, has travelled extensively all over Europe, and has studied in America. Her chosen career is a literary one, and she works for a French magazine in this country, for an animal magazine and for the French radio programme on the English service



Le Goubin

Priscilla in Paris

ROMEO BY FLOODLIGHT

NOT so very long ago, if one takes a bird's-eye view of the years, Parisians closed their shutters after the Grand Prix was run, went into the retirement of their back rooms, took the air after dark and gave out that they had left Paris. To be seen in town during the month of July was unheard of. Restful, no doubt, but unheard of!

At present we keep on or keep out. No thought of resting. Every party and every entertainment is announced as being the apotheosis of *la grande saison* and the shutters remain open.

This week we have enjoyed a magnificent spectacle. A "super-apoth." indeed. One that satisfied eyes, hearing, brain and heart. This was the open-air production, in the great courtyard of the Palace of the Louvre, of Hector Berlioz's opera-ballet inspired by the story of Romeo and Juliet. The grandiose "ancient dwelling-place of the Kings of France" was floodlit and this, deftly managed, is always beautiful.

THROUGH the windows, when "excursions and alarums" commanded, lighted torches flashed from room to room within the Capulets' mansion; the floodlighting then dimmed and the immense grey structure of the building stood grandly against the summer sky. At such moments M. Georges Salle, conservator of France's National Museums, was seen to turn pale, despite the millions paid for insurance!

M. Jean Martineau conducted the famous Colonne orchestra, and the dancing was by the marquis de Cuevas' ballet company, with Marjorie Tallchief and George Skibine in the roles of Shakespeare's immortal lovers. The

chimes of St. Germain l'Auxerrois mingled with the orchestra as they announced the hours that passed too swiftly.

It was still dusk when we took our seats at nine o'clock (our ankles slightly fatigued by the 'nth-century paving-stones), but darkness fell quickly. The night was softly warm; a tiny breeze blew up from the river, but without disturbing the nice ordinance of Mme. Cécile Sorel's gold-dusted hair or causing the slightest shiver to Mme. Denise Bourdet, who only displays her agreeable vertebræ on the rarest occasions, of which this was one. Our old friends, Messieurs et Mesdames Tout Paris, were present from General Ganeval, who represented President Coty, to the marquise de la Passardiére.

As this glamorous lady arrived—in one of those wonderful cars that are so alike at both ends and almost as broad as long—accompanied by her good-looking escort, I am afraid we stared. Introductions took place and onlookers bunched into one big question mark. "It is!" said some. "It isn't!" said the others. BUT IT WAS!



It was gay, lovely little Lilo, a full-blown marquise, back from her three years of stardom in the States for a short holiday during which, it is hoped, she will sign a contract to play lead at the Châtelet.

At the reception given by the marquis and marquise de Cuevas at their lovely flat in an old eighteenth-century house on the quai Voltaire overlooking the Seine my heart ached a little to see Cécile Sorel among the guests. For many years she lived in that same flat, where she gave parties that were the talk of Paris. There is always a little sadness, even when one has renounced the world and its pomps as Mme. Sorel has done, in returning to the scenes of past triumphs.

The marquise de Cuevas received her guests with her favourite white Peke cradled in the crook of her arm. It looked very well against her Dior frock of pleated, black satin. I wondered which had been chosen on account of the other.

SOME unusually beautiful jewels were to be seen at this party. The fashion of boutique gimcrackery is passing. With competitive recklessness our lovelies display breathtaking samples of the real McCoy. Mme. Paul Derval's sensational diamond necklace is almost eclipsed by Princess Faiza's parure of rubies and diamonds; the magnificent emeralds of the comtesse Camargo are as dazzling as Senorita Isabella Inglese's sapphires, and yet all these glittering baubles are as nothing to my taste, compared with the soft lustre of the Maharanee of Kapurthala's matchless pearls, while not even Dior could rival the flowing grace of her white sari.

It was a pleasant evening but one is a little tired of Paris . . . and pavements . . . and even parties. Now that we do not feel obliged to do so, we long to close our shutters.

La Vie Est Dur . . .

● These horrid exams! Indignant small boy: "First teacher says 6 and 3 make 9, then she says 5 and 4. What can I do if she won't make up her mind?"



Armstrong Jones

Best Of Both Worlds

MISS ANNA MASSEY, daughter of actor Raymond Massey, and Mrs. Dwight Whitney (Adrienne Allen, the actress), is not only a very popular débutante, but also plays the title rôle in the successful Cambridge Theatre comedy "The Reluctant Débutante." She is seen at her mother's lovely Highgate home, where she had her coming-out dance this month.

"CATHEDRAL" OF THE DEEP. The diver, J.-P. Charvoz, entering a huge underwater cavern called "Cathedrale Notre-Dame" at Le Trayas. An illustration from *Free Diving* (Sidgwick and Jackson; 25s.), in which Dimitri Rebikoff gives exact instruction for this fascinating new sport



Book Reviews

by

Elizabeth

Bowen

A MASTER SATIRIST

CHILDREN like pictures to tell stories. And has that wish been quite chastened out of the adult system? Serious painting, we come to know, is pure painting—with its æsthetic aim, narrative can have nothing to do. The "problem picture" (of which the late Sir John Collier was a master) is no longer a yearly feature of the Royal Academy. Yet the fact remains that, among high-ranking painters, those with potential story-interest are the most popular—or, say, the most accessible; Sickert, for instance, or the great French Impressionists with their way of pinpointing a dramatic moment. . . . The English "pictorial dramatist" *par excellence* was William Hogarth. Peter Quennell's *HOGARTH'S PROGRESS* (Collins; 25s.) will, I expect, be eagerly seized upon.

BORN in 1697, in Bartholomew Close in the City of London, not far from the lurid Smithfield, the artist grew up into an eighteenth century which had, so far, little edifying to show. Son of a poor schoolmaster, he was reared to a seedy respectability which did not appeal to him: the parental failure spurred him on to success. His natural gravitation was to the pleasure centre, Covent Garden. The London of his young manhood, under George I., was appetitive and raffish without elegance—not for nothing had the uncouth little German monarch displaced the Stuarts. Hogarth, however, like all true artists, wasted no time quarrelling with the world around him—which, indeed, nurtured his temperament, fed his fancy.

Fundamentally always a good bourgeois, Hogarth never seems (by Mr. Quennell's showing) to have involved himself in all-out debauch. In the gaols and madhouses he visited, the brothels and gaming-houses he frequented, he was the wide-awake observer—and such he was, no less, when he impinged upon the *beau monde*. His marriage to Jane, daughter of the established painter

Sir James Thornhill, was no less tranquil for being advantageous—the original risk of the elopement repaid a hundredfold. Apprenticed by his father to a silver engraver, he had learned enough of the basic technique to practise, or, at any rate, supervise, the engraving in copper of his own pictures. For official academies of art, he had a contempt which he never lost. Virtually, as an artist he was self-taught. Arrogance at the worst, sound sense at best, brought him up head-on against the school of critics he was to stigmatise as "the Connoisseurs."

NOTHING does society enjoy better than being scourged. Hogarth's emergence as "pictorial dramatist," pillorying morals and manners, was attended by a blazing success. He worked in sequences of six paintings, which next were engraved from: the engravings sold out as fast as they reached the fashionable print-shops. In this manner, first "A Harlot's Progress" (featuring Moll Hackabout), then "Rake's Progress" (Tom Rakewell) then, later, "Marriage-à-la-Mode" swept London. The third of those serials, as they might be called, infinitely the finest in execution, goes deepest in its psychology: the ill-mated youthful husband and wife are more than types, they are individuals, persons—he, certainly, touching in his way.

In "Marriage-à-la-Mode" appears, to the full, Hogarth's fundamental genius for interior painting—rooms, and the expressive objects within them. Dress was no less his forte. The young-married breakfast scene (reproduced on the cover of this book) has a mocking stylishness and cosiness. And this leads on to Hogarth's outstanding addition to English painting—the "conversation piece." Thanks to him, and to those who followed him in the *genre* he innovated, the English eighteenth century, its home and social life, has been fascinatingly recorded.

Hogarth's use of detail remained superlative—indeed, so lovingly did his brush dwell on things that one may suspect he loved them better than people. Not less has he immortalised, in his street scenes, the architectural London of his day—in every season, at every hour, in every weather.

MR. QUENNEL gives a more comprehensive account of the man's work than is possible to touch on in a review. One must be grateful to him for his interpretative analysis of the pictures—in those reproduced (and the publisher has been generous in the matter of illustrations) our eye is directed to what's significant, and of those not shown one can form an idea. . . .

This book, however, should be read as more than a biography with descriptive assets. What was Hogarth's progress? Almost involuntarily, the painter advanced out of the shallows of quick success into more dangerous deep waters. "The Shrimp Girl" (with the abandonment of line in favour of mass, half-tones and colour) was his æsthetic apotheosis. He was to be so unwise as to attempt to define, in print, the nature of beauty: a couple of fiendish journalists closed in on him. In the eyes of the world, he made a fool of himself. None the less, *Hogarth's Progress* ends on a serene note.

★ ★ ★

BY INVITATION ONLY (Arthur Barker; 9s. 6d.) is a French novel with a contemporary theme—a country house (in this case, *chateau*) made over into an hotel. Author, Felicien Marceau: the translation into English has been adeptly done by one of our own younger distinguished novelists, Anthony Rhodes. We have social comedy plus a touch of diabolism. The hotel is "private" in the most searching sense: that is, the chatelaine, Mlle. de Chasseneuil, accepts no guest who has not an introduction.

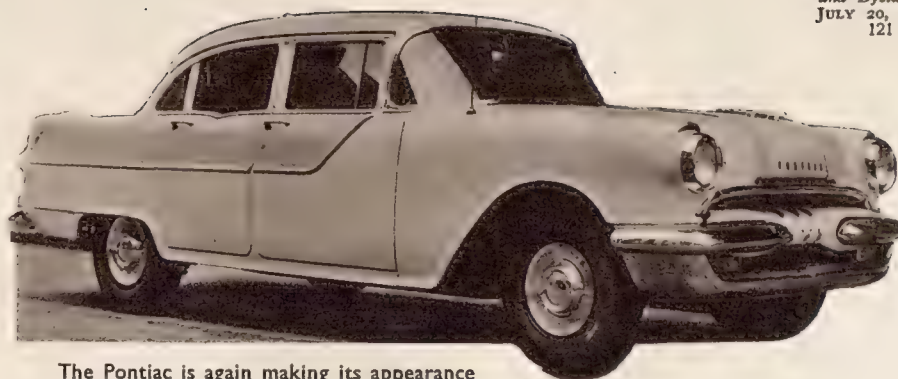
The summer mood of the tale, the small flicks of malice, the ornate background, and the preposterous vanishing at the end make *By Invitation Only* out of the ordinary. It is French.

★ ★ ★

JAMES BY THE GRACE OF GOD, by Hugh Ross Williamson (Michael Joseph; 12s. 6d.), is a fearless, fine, controversial historical novel. It has, I see, been defined by a historian as being "a new pattern of literature, the novel without fiction." Which means that, in this story of James II., we have documentation up to the hilt and practically nothing of invention. For my own part, I like it all the better for that—I have always a doubt, in my own mind, whether novelists *should* let their fancy have fun with history. Here (if at the expense of fictional charm) one has a feeling of authenticity.

This book, all out on the side of James II., may infuriate admirers of the "Glorious Revolution" of 1688. I myself have felt, since my schoolroom days, that there was something fishy about that whole affair. Betrayals, disloyalties have been glossed over—I suppose on the principle that the thing was done, and once a thing's done it jolly well must be right. Anyway, Mr. Ross Williamson shows us, in no mean terms, how England let her King be chased from his throne by a Dutchman and a disloyal daughter.





The Pontiac is again making its appearance on the British market. This is the handsome-looking Chieftain 870 four-door sedan, with right-hand drive and synchromesh box

Motoring

Oliver Stewart

THE TIME LOCK

"FLOWERS OF THE TROPICS" is the title of an exhibition of carefully studied and brilliantly executed paintings by the American artist Laura Lyon, at the R.W.S. Galleries, Conduit Street. Above, *Blakea gracilis*; below, *Datura thornigera*; at bottom, *Crinum giganteum* (the Milk and Wine Lily)



WHEN Gargantua adversely criticised clocks, asking if there could be any greater dotage in the world than to guide and direct one's courses by the sound of a bell and not by judgment and discretion, he was, in general, right. But in motoring, precise tour timing is often of value. For instance, if the moment of arrival is correctly determined it is possible to drive through London, Manchester, Birmingham or any great city without being held up by traffic jams.

I sympathise with those who moan about road congestion; but it is, nevertheless, a fact that exact timing will enable a car to travel the length and breadth of England without being heavily delayed by traffic. The bands of traffic-free periods, however, are narrow and must be exactly observed. For example, there is, in most cities, a lull just before eight in the morning and again just after ten; but it must be remembered that, from all around, vehicles are converging upon the city so as to arrive between those hours. Thus the period of congestion changes with distance from the centre.

MOTING to central London from some country districts can be long and tedious or short and pleasant, according to the time chosen, and it is a matter of observation that fifteen minutes' difference in the time of departure may settle whether the roads are going to be full or empty. In the spell of good weather a week or so ago the numbers of cars on the roads must have beaten all records; yet by appropriate timing it was possible still to achieve open-road driving conditions.

On the whole there is a tendency to place too much emphasis upon traffic troubles. In spite of the intense activity of the vandals: the felling of trees, the putting up of hideous posters, the building of almost equally hideous houses, the multiplication of still more hideous road furniture, there are great mileages in England where motoring is as delightful as ever it was.

IT was good to see an inventor receiving honour in his own country the other day at the Imperial War Museum. Professor A. M. Low, chairman of the Council of the British Automobile Racing Club, and one

of the best-known personalities on the scientific side of motoring, presented the apparatus he designed during World War One for flying-bombs and guided missiles. Because of his brilliant original work in these fields Britain (and not Germany as some believe) was the first country to have these weapons. That they were not developed is another story.

Low has been responsible for a host of inventions, many of them of permanent value to motoring. His oscillograph engine indicator was invented some years ago, but I believe that it was one of dozens of devices which aided in understanding engines and engine tuning. Nor must we forget that Professor Low also possesses the ability to speak effectively and amusingly, and that this ability is repeatedly made use of on motoring and other very delightful occasions.



HAROLD RADFORD has been appointed London distributor for the American Pontiac cars now that these are returning to the British market. There are two models available, both with V-8 engines. They are the Chieftain Series and the Star Chief Series. Prices range from a little over £2,000 to £3,000, inclusive of tax. The engine has a compression ratio of 8 to 1, although a lower compression ratio engine is available for use with low octane fuels. Hydramatic transmission is optional. The engine capacity is 4,706 cc. (By the way, I wish American makers would give up their irritating habit of quoting engine capacities in cubic inches. Motoring has used cubic centimetres and litres since the beginning with bore and stroke in centimetres or millimetres, and they are by a long way the better units.)

Station wagons are available on the Chieftain chassis. Both the Series cars and the station wagons have the curved wind-screens as seen in the photograph above.

THE Le Mans disaster has demolished the racing programme for the present year. A suggestion was put forward that we in Britain should try to make up for the Continental Grands Prix that are being cancelled by holding substitute races here. It is a good idea and I do not feel that the objections that were raised were insuperable.

CHOICE FOR THE WEEK

Here the collar is turned up like a pie frill round the neck to keep out wintry draughts, revealing its conspicuously original shape



A gay little black and white bucket bag in straw, price 37s. 6d., that also comes from Bourne and Hollingsworth, makes a useful, boldly patterned addition, in harmony with the general effect

Collar, with dress attached

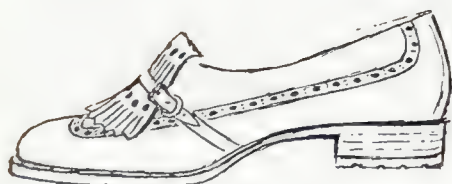
WE have chosen this week Linzi's dramatically simple black wool jersey dress with its huge striped collar that can be worn in a number of ways. This dress, we feel, is one of those useful and charming possessions one can enjoy wearing about 300 days in the year. It costs 6 gns. and comes from Bourne & Hollingsworth in Oxford Street. Below, the collar is shown worn right down, fair weather style, revealing a wide, boat-shaped neckline

—MARIEL DEANS





Shoes for



3



2



1

1. Brevitt's "Cherita," a lightweight Spectator Sports shoe made of calf and hair-calf, is sold by Lilley & Skinners
 2. An excellent country shoe by Church made of brown softie calf with a sole and heel of tan "Phenco" rubber. Babers, 299 Oxford Street, stock this one
 3. Charles H. Baber make and sell this new brown calf fringed-tongue brogue. It has a rubber sole and comes in a variety of sizes and fittings

Rivett.





4. Fine black suede afternoon shoe called "Frivolite" with a grosgrain collar and narrow pleated trimming of black satin. It is made and sold by Russell & Bromley, New Bond Street

5. I. Miller make this elegant calf shoe with its openwork front and gathering. It is sold by Lilley & Skinner, Oxford Street

6. "Slip Knot," an afternoon shoe in green "shimmer" calf. This is a C. & J. Clark model and is obtainable through all their agents

7. "Frontenac," an elegant pale beige calf shoe with a very low cut vamp by Bally of Switzerland. From the London Shoe Company, New Bond Street

8. Ferragamo's evening shoe of tinsel brocade with a high slender heel, halter back strap and narrow collar of black satin. Fortnum & Mason

9. A white kid mule with the new gripping insole. Peep-toed and trimmed with a narrow black piping. La Duchesse, Park Lane, have it in stock

10. Rayne's unusually pretty Spectator Sports shoe is manufactured in brown punched calf with a fringed tongue and medium covered heel

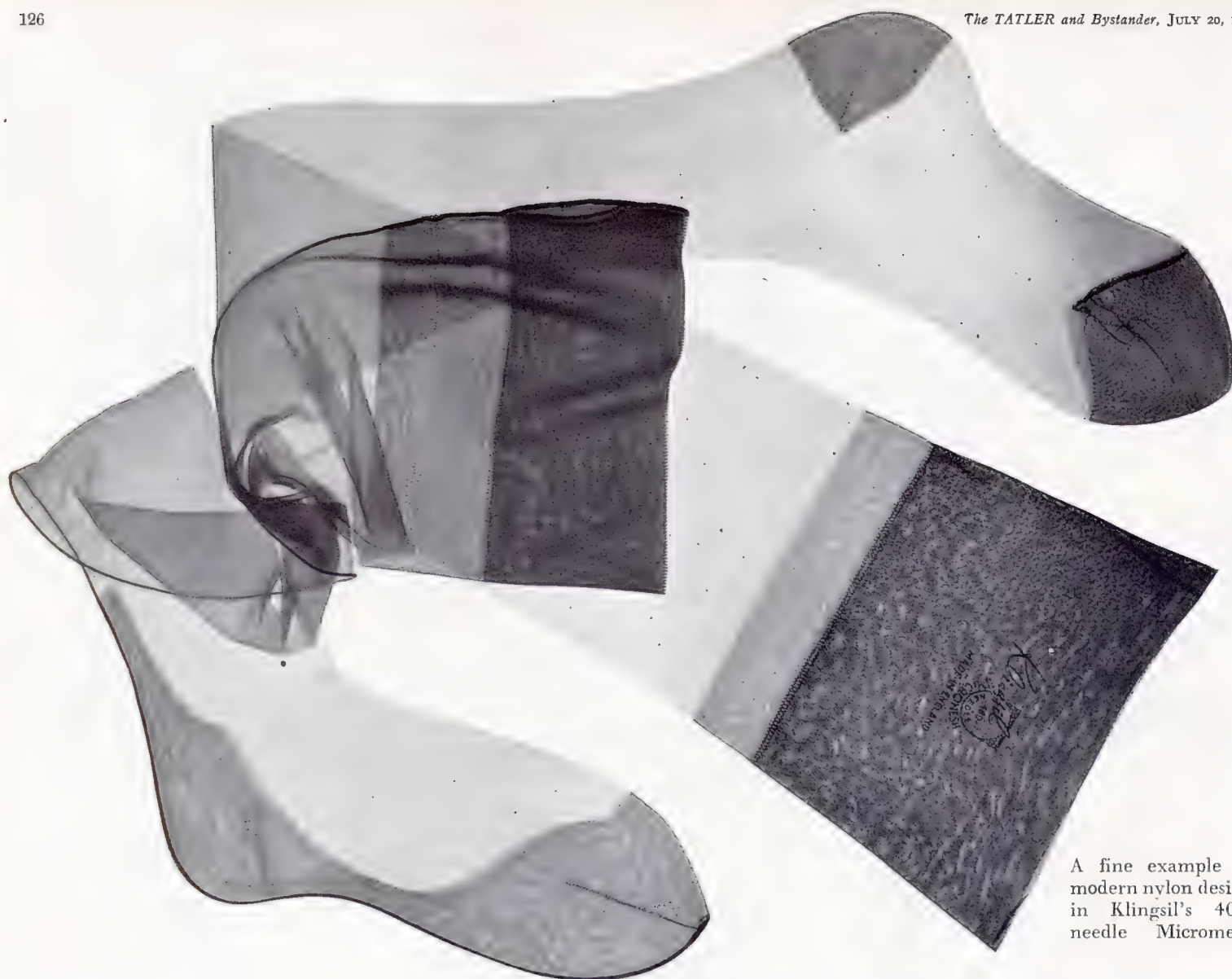
11. "Milano," an evening sandal by Bective, is made of a glittering metallic material in many colours, the sole edged with black satin, from Selfridges

12. Edward Holmes makes this very lovely shoe of black nylon mesh edged and heel-covered with black velvet. Pinet of Bond Street stock it

ON these pages we illustrate shoe styles for the autumn by international designers. All are obtainable in London shops, to grace such occasions as the Edinburgh Festival, a night scene from which is shown below

the mood of a festival autumn





A fine example of modern nylon design in Klingsil's 400-needle Micromesh

Nylons box the compass of fashion

AFTER fifteen years of stocking shortages there is now a refreshing range of nylons in the shops.

Hottest news from the stocking front is the new stretch nylons made from very high-twist yarn, so elastic and stretchable that, made in only two or three sizes, they adapt themselves perfectly to any length of leg. These stretch stockings are already in the shops in the thicker weights such as Newbury and Sandown, lace-pattern crêpe nylons, made by sports stocking specialist Martin H. Fisher.

Meanwhile Charnos "Crêpe Clouds" 30-denier stockings are already on sale, as are Aristoc's "Sheer Stretch," 15-denier, and a heavyweight elasticated stretchable mesh stocking by Ballerina. Their lightweight stocking will be in the shops by the autumn. Also by early autumn we can expect Kayser-Bondor's 15-denier contribution called "Embraceable," and Ballito's "Nylowisp."

The sudden American inspired craze for seamless, or circular knit, stockings is also fashion news this summer. Seamless stockings are not new and evoke dark memories, but these exquisite creations of today, moulded to a perfect leg-shape by heat treatment, are very different affairs from their baggy ankled, unfashioned forerunners. They are, however, still comfortably cheap. For instance, Bear Brand's style 1515, a 15-denier sheer with the minimum of foot reinforcement, costs only 5s. 11d. Ballito will be selling by the autumn a seam-free stocking with a crêpe nylon welt, also Klingsil seam-free nylons will be in the shops soon.

See also from Christian Dior range "Dior Eté," described as "Invisible but present!"

Other news from the factories includes a new stocking from Taylor-Woods combining 75-gauge with 15-denier. Vayles even finer 75-gauge 12-denier is another new stocking.

Firefly, who make an excellent 51-gauge 15-denier non-run stocking, hope soon to be producing a 60-gauge 15-denier Pin-Point non-run.

Finally, if you are wanting to give a present to anyone, either one or two pairs of Niké 60-gauge 15-denier stockings can be bought, all set out in very pretty gift boxes, for either 17s. 6d. or 30s.



FOR TOWN ACTIVITY AND COUNTRY IDLING

THREE outfits for your day-to-day needs. Crisp cotton separates for sunny days in the country, an elegant suit for hot weather in town, and a dress in a new kind of knitwear, suitable for either town or country in case a fine day turns cool



Top: Shirt and skirt in turquoise and white striped cotton faced with white, designed by Dorville and sold by Harrods



Left: Sybil Connolly of Dublin designed this flaxen tweed suit, with its wide cape collar and finely seamed, fitted jacket, for the International Collection featured by Jacqmar of Grosvenor Street, W.1



Right: "Candida," a button-through dress in milk white knitted texture fabric with a shawl collar and calf leather belt is made by Lombardi and sold by Debenhams & Freebody's Small Ladies department



Left: An extra-deep case for four people, with wicker lift-out tray. Finished in red leather-cloth. Price £17 18s. 6d. from Debenham and Freebody



A basket for picnicking "en prince," fitted with distinctive stag-handled cutlery. Harrods have it in stock, and the price is £64 17s. 6d.

For an expedition to

WHETHER it is an alfresco meal in the grand manner, or a simple picnic, these cases with their accompanying accessories will add to your comfort and your pleasure

— JEAN CLELAND



Left: Coach hide shoulder case set, with containers for hot drinks, milk, butter and sandwiches, in lightweight plastic. Lillywhites, £4 7s. 9d.



Above: Set of polished aluminium cups nesting into a pig-skin case. A handsome addition to any portable meal outfit. Harrods have them at £2 4s. 6d.



Kettle and heater are included in this good-looking and robust outfit, which can be obtained at Harrods for £9 19s. 3d.

Right: "Adda" tables, which clip to the sides of a case, prevent spilling. Pair, £2 5s. The case alone is £12 17s. 6d. Harrods



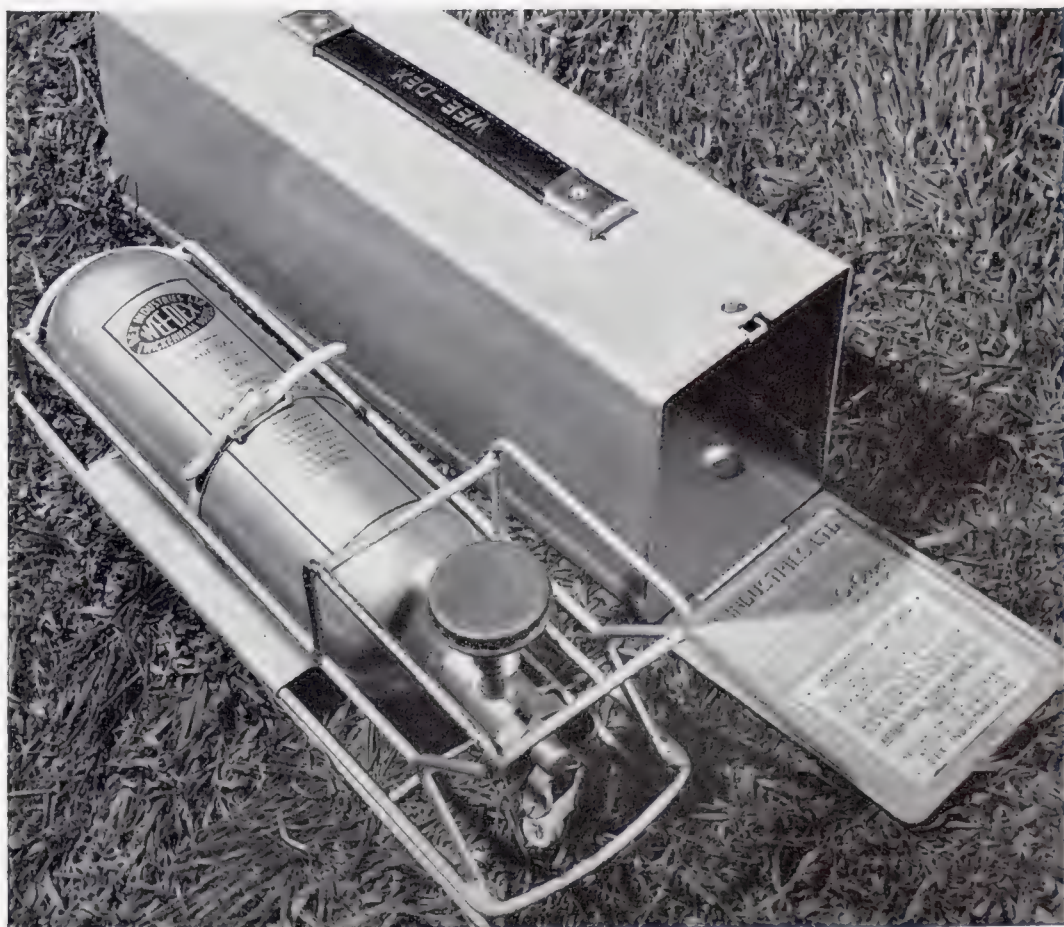
the next field—or the North Pole



"Compot," combined salt and pepper pot. From Harrods, 5s.



Bottle opener and corkscrew in pigskin holder prevent jagged edges and wasted drink. Also from Harrods, at 18s. 6d.



Answer to the open-air gourmet's prayer is this "Weeder" cooker based on a cylinder of compressed gas. It burns four hours, and refills are 3s. 10d. Harrods stock it at 4 gns.

Dennis Smith

Beauty

The High-ray Code

Jean Cleland

YESTERDAY, a friend who had just returned from a holiday burst in upon me as I was striving to collect my thoughts for the purpose of writing an article, and cried: "I've had an overdose." I was alarmed. "An overdose of what?" "Of sun of course. Look at my nose; look at this red 'V'." She wasn't too pleased when I told her that she had only herself to blame, but, of course, it was true.

I can understand people from our sun-starved island being so greedy for the sun that when they get the chance, they fling caution to the winds, and take too much of it. It's foolish but it's fun. Moreover it's natural.

WHAT beats me is why anyone in these days should be so rash as to sunbathe without taking proper precautions. With the number of excellent and highly scientific preparations available, there is no excuse for getting sunburnt, and this applies



to mad dogs and Englishmen—Englishwomen included.

The creams and lotions created for the purpose of protecting the skin from the injurious rays of the sun can be divided into different categories. There are some that prevent tanning altogether; others that encourage tanning without endangering the skin.

Those who dislike the feeling of grease can get preparations that rub right in, leaving no trace of oiliness whatever. One of the excellent preparations for this purpose is "Parasol Sun-tan Lotion" made by Maria Hornès.

A too white skin—so unattractive when one first arrives on holiday—can be given the appearance of a golden tan by means of tinted creams, which are becomingly natural. For the body there are oils and lotions which are easy to apply over a large area. With so wide a selection it is difficult to make a choice unless you are familiar with the various preparations. It may help those who enjoy sunbathing to do it more safely and more "beautifully" than my poor overdosed

friend if I try to describe some of them and differentiate between them.

Take for instance Innoxia "Tan," one of the creams that deflect the burning rays of the sun, and allows the "tanning rays" to penetrate. This excellent light deflectant preparation is waterproof, and it also gives the skin a slightly bronzed look which helps to disguise its whiteness during the first few days of the holiday.

Another effective tinted sunproof preparation is Westbrook's new "Sunproof Cream," which, waterproof and delicately perfumed, is non-greasy and easy to apply. This is specially recommended for the sensitive type of skin. It acts as a good powder-base, and can be used in the ordinary way like any other foundation.

FOR the very dry skin, Charles of the Ritz makes a "Sun-Bronze" which contains Revenescence. This encourages a smooth and even tan, while at the same time preventing the skin from drying. It also gives a soft tint which is very flattering.

Those who are apt to freckle easily, and want something to guard against it, would do well to use Elizabeth Arden's "Protecta Cream Lotion." This is a sun shield and water resistant powder base, which, in addition to its protective qualities, gives a lovely smooth finish to the complexion. For a "shining" look there is the Arden "Sun Gelee," which, obtainable in Honey or Café, gives an attractive healthy and natural look, and encourages a rich tan. Elizabeth Arden also makes a "Sunpruf Cream," which can be used in two ways. If you do not want a deep tan, use it fairly lavishly; applied lightly it allows you to tan gradually and without redness.

HELENA RUBINSTEIN offers the choice of a "Sun Tonic"—which is a rich emulsion—or a "Sun Tan Oil"—very effective for use on the face and the body. Both of these prevent sunburn, while at the same time encouraging an even golden tan.

This is only to mention a few of the many excellent preparations designed for the purpose of guarding the skin against sunburn. Any good make should prove effective if it is applied regularly to the face or any part of the body that is going to be exposed, before going out into the sun. You may like to use a cream for the face and a lotion or oil for the body, but whatever you choose, make up your mind whether you want to prevent tanning altogether, or encourage it, and choose accordingly.





What do you wear after 6 o'clock?

The long day's over. The fun's about to begin.

And just as you change your dress you should *change your nylons, too.*

Breath-takingly sheer, Charnos EVENING stockings are the ones you'll want to wear!

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MOONBEAMS — glamorous ultra-fine nylons.

FINESSE—the finest of all.

HONEY-MESH—fine mesh nylons that will not ladder.

FANCY FREE—the new fashions in decorated nylons.



DAYTIME CHARNOS
a range of nylons
for every daytime occasion



CHARNOS

WISELY CHOSEN CHARNOS NYLONS LAST LONGER

At No. 3 Grafton Street HEADS ARE TURNING TO SOFTER SMOOTHER HAIR STYLES

Gone with the wind are the urchin cut, the little boy bob, the Roman look—all are shadows of last year and the years that went before. Today the lady is a lady again! At No. 3 Grafton Street, in our gracious and restful hairdressing salon, we coax unruly locks into a gentler, smoother line. We groom and shape your longer hair to this season's elegant new look. Be assured that it is *your* features, the texture and colour of *your* hair, the tilt of *your* head that determine the ultimate exciting effect. So your new style is lovelier, more fashionable and, at the same time, more essentially *you* than any you have ever had before!



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With your new hairstyle goes your new figure... a slim figure of grace. A new way to lose weight effortlessly is the course of body massage at No. 3 Grafton Street. Helena Rubinstein's original *deep* penetrating body massage, supplemented by her new electric reducing blanket treatment, whittles away layers of fatty tissue and helps you to reduce effectively *in comfort*! So your waistline, hips and ankles become sleeker, more slender and graceful. After just a few treatments you feel far fitter and look altogether lovelier. Make your appointment now to groom your shape for this season's 'longer-look' fashions.

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for your personal appointment*

Helena Rubinstein

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THEY WERE MARRIED



Lucas-Tooth—Poole. At St. Martin-in-the-Fields, Mr. Hugh John Lucas-Tooth, son of Sir H. Lucas-Tooth, M.P., and Lady Lucas-Tooth, of Fordingbridge, Hants, married Miss Caroline Poole, daughter of Mr. Oliver Poole, of Croxley Green, Herts, and Mrs. B. M. Poole, Albert Place, W.8

Alexander—Everitt (right). Mr. Nigel W. A. Alexander, eldest son of the late Lt.-Col L. A. A. Alexander and of Mrs. N. Dalrymple, of Winchelsea, married at Knowle Hall, Warwickshire, Miss Diana J. Everitt, daughter of Mr. G. H. Everitt, of Plymouth, and the late Mrs. Hugh Eaton



Towneley—Fitzherbert. Mr. Simon Towneley, son of Col. A. Koch de Gooreynd, and of Lady Norman, of Thorpe Lodge, Campden Hill, married at St. James's, Spanish Place, Miss Mary Fitzherbert, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. Fitzherbert, of Mortimer, Berks



Innes-Lillingston—Thomson-Inge. Mr. George D. Innes-Lillingston, of Milnathort, Kinross-shire, Scotland, son of the late Cdr. H. W. Innes-Lillingston and of Mrs. Innes-Lillingston, married at St. Laurence's, Forres, Morayshire, Miss Elizabeth V. G. Thomson-Inge, daughter of Lieut.-Gen. Sir William and Lady Thomson, of Milton Brodie, Forres



Men of affairs...

The new Daimler Regency is a large car with a sense of occasion. It is the complete answer to the man of affairs who needs a car that will take him from place to place with great rapidity, in supreme comfort and with considerable prestige.

Outstanding road holding. Brisk acceleration makes the Regency a very lively car indeed. Fluid transmission gives that easy handling so characteristic of a Daimler. But perhaps its most outstanding quality is superb road holding. Over any kind of road surface, the Regency is entirely free from pitch or roll.

Luxury fittings include telescopic steering column, automatic chassis lubrication, courtesy lights in the coachwork and luggage compartment, reserve petrol tank, polished walnut occasional tables, facia and window cappings, leather upholstery, thick carpeting and individual arm rests front and rear. So much has gone into this car that you might expect it to cost more than the actual figure of £2324.9.2 including purchase tax (3½ litre model). Also available with 4.6 litre engine —£2777.15.10 including purchase tax.

Tubeless Safety Tyres. Tubeless safety tyres are an exclusive feature of the 3½ litre Regency. Special High Speed Tyres are fitted on the 4.6 litre model.

...find what they need
in a DAIMLER
REGENCY Mk. II



BY APPOINTMENT
Motor Car Manufacturers
to the late King George VI
The Daimler Co. Limited





HENRY OF THE VENDOME in Dover Street has been through the business from the kitchen up. This includes six years on the Continent, and at Gleneagles Hotel, the Savoy and the Cumberland

DINING IN

Crab heads hot weather menu

COLD dishes for warm days are a very good practice. Cold food, even though it may have required longish cooking in the first place, dispenses with last-minute "hot work" and, therefore, gives a certain respite to the one who cooks.

Crabs are at their best just now, and some of them are very large. For preference, then, buy a largish one (ready cooked, of course) and use part of it for a quickly prepared hot dish like Crab Omelet, and the remainder for a delicious Crab Mousse.

For the omelet, use the sieved liver (the rich dark substance) and a little of the flaked crab meat. Generally, for an omelet, one allows two eggs for each person. In this case, however, allow only one and a half and make up the two-whole-egg bulk with the liver. Beat the eggs and liver together and season them very well with salt, plenty of freshly milled pepper and a few grains of Cayenne. Add as much of the flaked crab meat as you wish to spare and make the omelet in the usual way.

For the Crab Mousse, flake, pound and sieve the white meat. (If you have an electric liquefier, use it to make a *purée*.) Whip and add an equal amount of double cream and season well. To each half pint of the mixture add $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. full-strength gelatine, dissolved in a tablespoon of water over a low heat. Add also, if you like, a teaspoon of dry sherry. A good pinch of paprika adds a pleasant flavour and a little colour.

Turn into a terrine, sprinkle with chopped parsley and chill, if possible. With this Mousse, serve thin brown bread or toast.

SOLE in Aspic is an excellent cold fish dish. The recipe I give here calls also for tiny tomatoes, cooked peas and canned asparagus tips.

Skin and fillet 1 to 2 soles. Break the bones and place them in a pan with the heads and skin, salt to taste, a few grains of Cayenne pepper and freshly milled pepper. Add a sherry glass of dry white wine or cider, a sprig of thyme, several parsley stalks, a sliced onion, a squeeze or two of lemon juice and water to cover. Boil for 15 to 20 minutes. Season and fold the fillets. Place them on top, cover and simmer for 10 minutes or so. Remove.

Strain the stock into a clean pan. For a pint of it, sprinkle on $\frac{3}{4}$ oz. full-strength powdered gelatine. Add the white of an egg and any crushed egg shells available. Whisk over heat. When the mixture froths and rises, draw the pan to the side of the cooker. Leave the rest for a few minutes, then repeat. Wring out a double thickness of muslin in hot water. Place it over a bowl and strain the liquid through it. As gelatine tends to "blanket" flavour, taste, and if necessary add more salt.

CHOOSE an entrée dish which will just accommodate the fish and vegetables without any unnecessary space, as too much aspic is not desirable. Pour a very thin coat of aspic into the dish. Place the fillets of sole on top, and around them arrange tiny tomatoes and asparagus tips in groups for each serving. Fill in with the drained cooked peas. To hasten the setting, place the dish in the refrigerator for a few minutes. Add another coat of aspic to set the peas, but not float them, and let it set.

Meanwhile, decorate the top of the sole fillets with blanched tarragon leaves, first dipping them in the aspic before placing them in position. Or decorate with "leaves" of cucumber peel and "petals" of thinly peeled unskinned tomatoes, first dipping them in the aspic in the same way. For a more realistic "floral" finish, moisten a little sieved yolk of hard-boiled egg in the aspic and set it in the centre of the "flowers." Finally, add just enough aspic to coat the whole surface.

This aspic will be firm, but not as firm as moulding aspic. It is most pleasant that way. I always want mayonnaise and hard-hearted lettuce with this dish. Turbot, poached on the bone and then skinned and boned, is also excellent prepared as above.

—Helen Burke

DINING OUT

Shuttlecock with the Notaris

THERE are always incidents that occur on a holiday which, because they were of unusual interest or of especial pleasure, remain in one's memory.

So it was on my recent escape from routine when I went to France for three weeks.

The first item on the programme might well be named "The Notable Notaris," and this was not a high wire act at Pinnders Mammoth Circus which I saw in Calais. Almost the last meal I had before I left England was at the Berkeley Arms near London Airport where I mentioned to Arnaldo Notari, who has been *maitre d'hôtel* there for many years, that apart from France I intended to spend some days in Geneva. He told me his brother, Bruno Notari, had been manager of the Station Restaurant there, but understood he now had his own café nearby and asked me to look him up. This I did with great success, because Bruno turned out to be a jovial, hospitable and interesting person.

He is the proud owner of a busy café, Le Chemin der Fer, behind the station, speaks six languages fluently, and specializes in Merlot del Ticino, one of the best of the red wines from the canton of Ticino in the Italian part of Switzerland, better known in that locality as Nostrano. We consumed several carafes of this during my three days in Switzerland, while he told me about his adventures in the war where he served in the Swiss Navy, which was far from being a popular myth. Switzerland purchased several ships to form a merchant navy to carry vital supplies for her country, a country surrounded by warring tribes. They brought goods to the ports of Genoa, Marseilles, Lisbon and Barcelona, by arrangement with all parties. Swiss flag or no, it did not prevent them from getting bombed on occasions.

ON hearing I was returning to London Bruno asked me if I would carry a message to his cousin, Willie Notari, and explained that he owned a restaurant in St. Martin's Lane called La Coquille, so when I got back I set off to discover Notari Number Three and found M. Willie dining in his own restaurant. He introduced me to his companion who to my astonishment turned out to be another brother, Freddie Notari, who has been staff head waiter of that shrine of *cuisine Française* in Jermyn Street, L' Ecu de France. For fourteen years I had known him as such for some years, but never realized his name was Notari.

La Coquille is unpretentious, has a sort of family air about it, many of the staff having worked for M. Notari for over twenty and thirty years. Bombed out of Pagani's he took over La Coquille and remained open throughout the war, each diner on arrival being given a small card which read "La Coquille will stay open for dinners unless a bomb falls on the building."

In season it specializes in shellfish but French and Italian dishes and grills are always available. It is also extremely inexpensive.

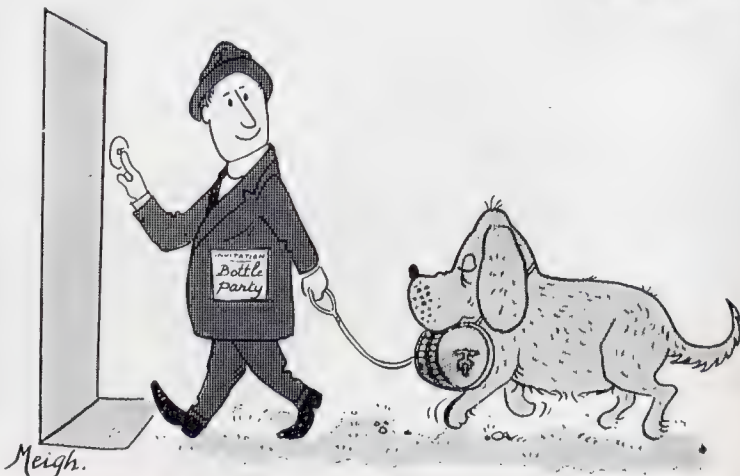
Two of us dined there; one had Spaghetti Bolognese, the other ravioli: both had lamb cutlets, peas, fried potatoes, Camembert cheese, biscuits and butter, a carafe of red wine and coffee, for £1 5s.

I HAVE been back to see M. Notari and have listened to some fascinating reminiscences of the great days of Pagani's in Great Portland Street, where for over thirty years he worked with his father, Faustino Notari, who died in harness after fifty-five years' service and who as *maitre chef de cuisine* did so much to assist Giuseppe Pagani and Carlo Meschini in making this restaurant world-famous.

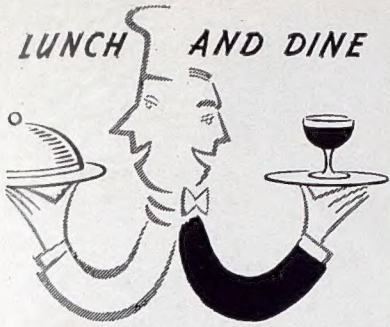
What a place it became! The walls of the artists' room were covered with thousands of signatures, including those of Maeterlinck, Melba, Tchaikovsky, H. G. Wells, Whistler, Oscar Wilde, Phil May, King Edward VII, Caruso and Sarah Bernhardt.

The "Dining Out" there must have been magnificent and I can do no better than quote Edward Cecil when writing about the walls of this room, utterly destroyed, as was the rest of Pagani's, by bombing early in the war: "On them, carefully preserved under glass panels, are five thousand signatures, sketches, scrawled bars of music, or other autographs, left behind by men and women who in this room, where they have known some of the happiest hours of their life journey, have been moved to give their testimony to a well-liked place, where they have rested and enjoyed the good fellowship and the comfort of human life, lived as it can only be lived by those who are not dullards."

—I. Bickerstaff



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Born in 150 B.P. (Before Pimm's), Mistress Toad 'did goosify, spatch-cock and jugg right well,' while her wiggs, sillibubs, tharf cakes and possets won her as much renown as the sausage-in-the-hole that bears her name. She married a retired Bow Street Runner and died of a broken heart because she couldn't quite invent Pimm's No. 1.

Where there's a Pimm's there's a party, and if he's a wise party he mixes his Pimm's with fizzy lemonade, adds ice and garnishes with sliced lemon or orange, and cucumber peel if borage isn't handy. One bottle makes lots and lots of this spirited Cup.

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(REGISTERED TRADE MARK)
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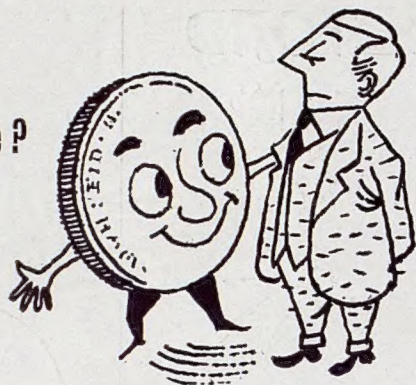
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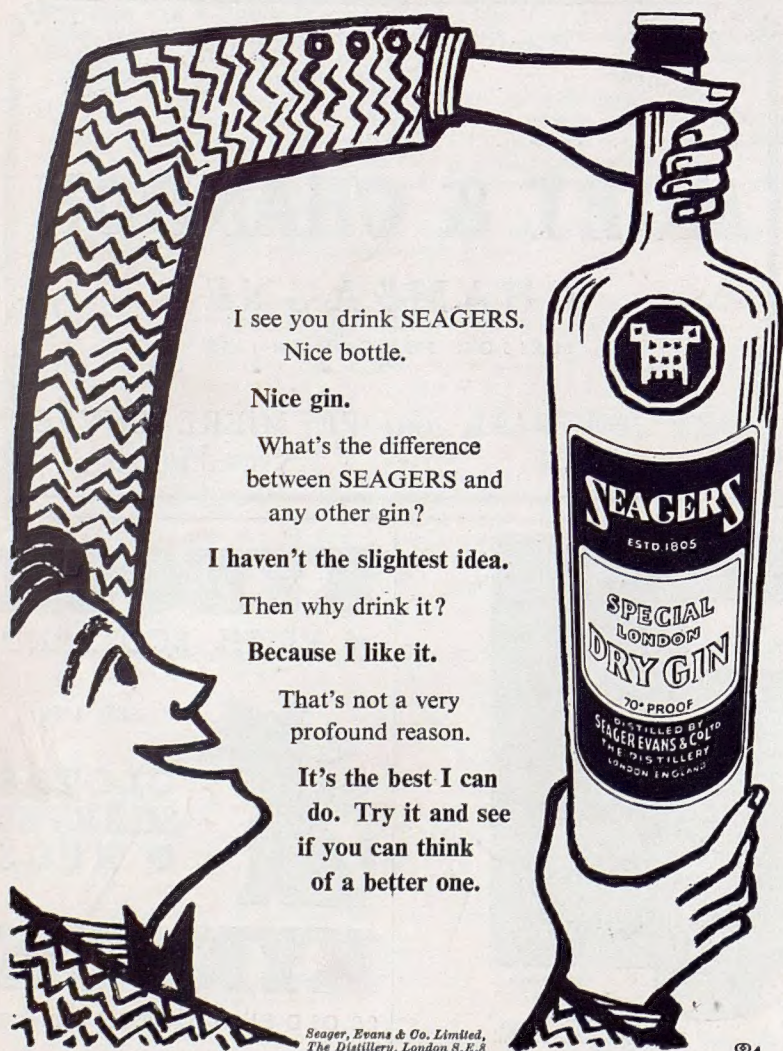
H.A. Freeth



"Ask for two light ales? Not me!
I know what my friends like
—and I know what they're getting
when I call for

WHITBREAD

the superb Pale Ale



I see you drink SEAGERS.
Nice bottle.

Nice gin.

What's the difference
between SEAGERS and
any other gin?

I haven't the slightest idea.

Then why drink it?

Because I like it.

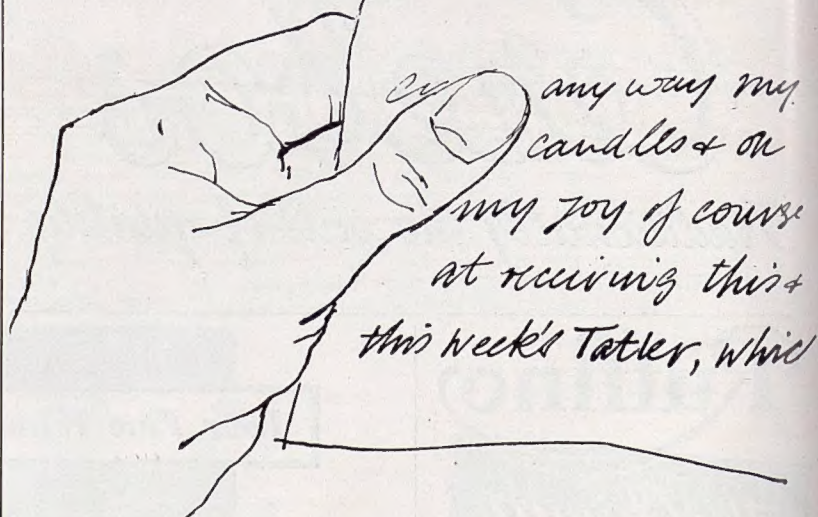
That's not a very
profound reason.

It's the best I can
do. Try it and see
if you can think
of a better one.

Seager, Evans & Co. Limited,
The Distillery, London S.E.8

Q4

A letter to you?

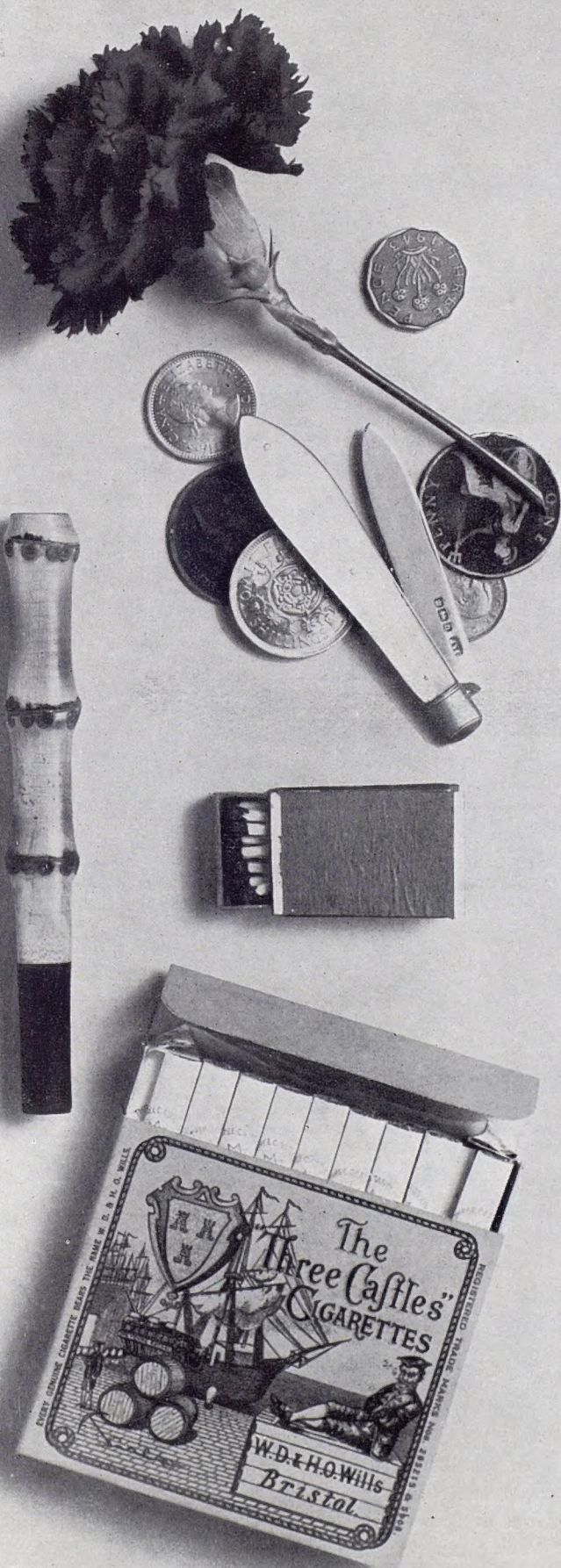


*any way my
candles & on
my joy of course
at receiving this &
this week's Tatler, which*

Now—at this very minute—in faraway places all over the world—The TATLER is gladdening the hearts of many a wishful family, with its news and pictures of people and places, of events in London and the Counties. To keep friends and relatives "in the know" there is nothing quite like The TATLER... and it's so easy to give! A note to the Publisher—the name and address of your friend—and he will do the rest.

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*"Three Castles"
cost a little more...*



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The man to answer all your travel questions is your B.O.A.C. Appointed Agent. To make your journey really carefree (and at no extra cost), leave everything in his capable hands. He'll tell you about currency, passports, customs and a hundred other matters. He'll make your booking, of course, to suit you; fix your hotel reservations; even get a car to meet you the other side of the world!

If it's a question of air travel—see your B.O.A.C. Appointed Agent first.

10 QUESTIONS OF THE KIND YOUR



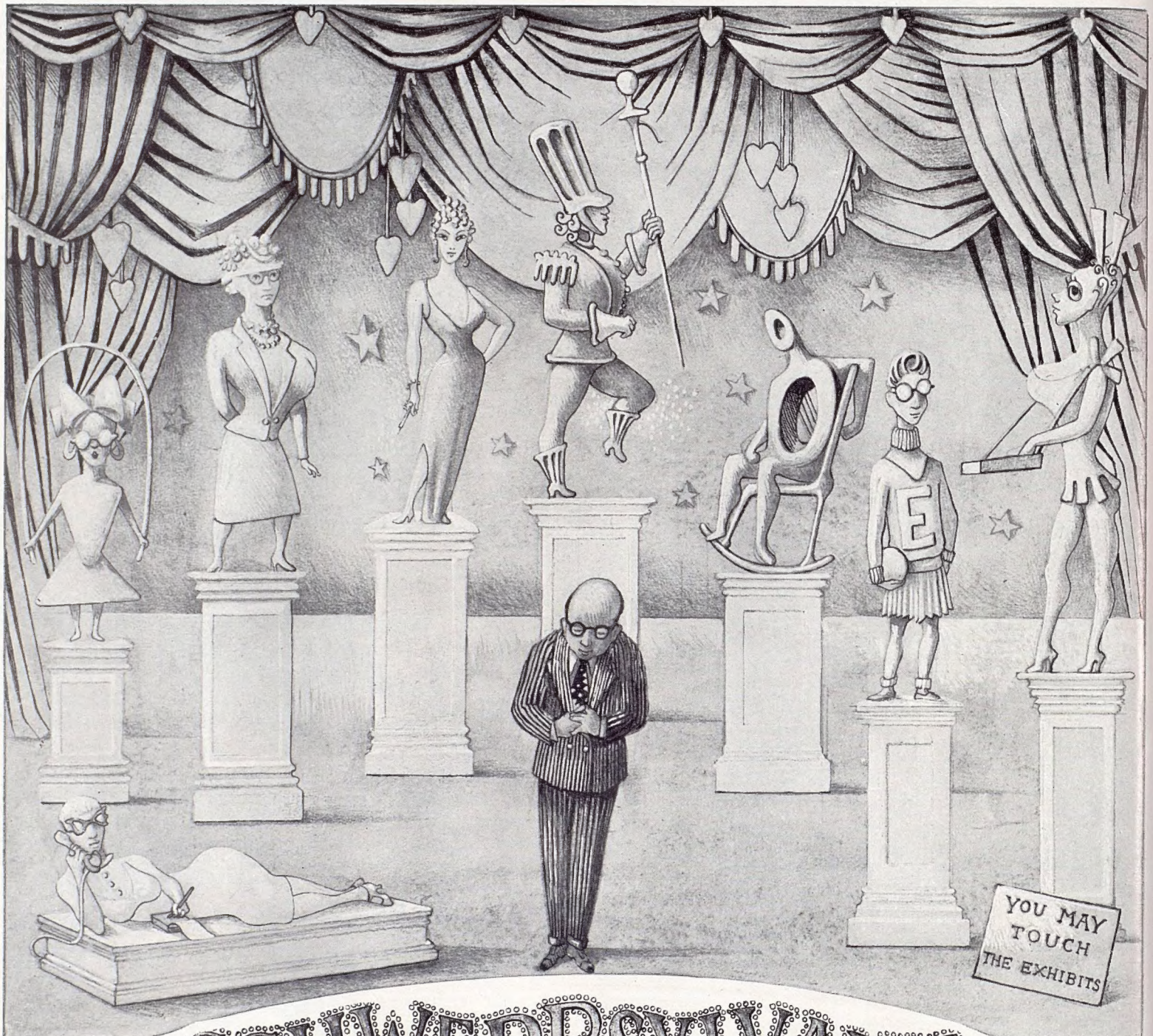
CAN ANSWER

1. Can I leave London on a Tuesday and be in Singapore by Friday morning?
2. What's the best hotel in Beirut?
3. What's the rate of exchange in Japan?
4. How much luggage can I take?
5. What should I wear in Karachi in October?
6. Do I need a visa for Venezuela?
7. What dollar allowance do I now get for a business trip to the U.S.A.?
8. What customs restrictions are in force in India?
9. Can I get a sleeper-berth to Montreal?
10. What's the best time of the year to visit the Caribbean?

*N.B. Ask about the B.O.A.C. Ticket Instalment Plan too.
10% down, balance monthly*



BRITISH OVERSEAS AIRWAYS CORPORATION WITH QANTAS, S.A.A. AND TEAL



Devised by
Stephen Potter

SCHWEPPSYLVANIA

Drawn by
Loudon Sainthill

THE WOMAN FIGURE

*Visitors to Schweppsylvania will notice the reverence there,
more than anywhere, for the female, and the importance, to the Schweppsylvanian,
of the woman-figure. Here we see, being important to the typical man,*

*the typical Girl Next Door-figure, the Woman He Married-figure, the Woman he Nearly Met-figure,
the Campus-figure, the Mother-figure, the Girl at School-figure, the Girl he was Never Able to Speak to-figure,
and His Friend's Secretary-figure.*

SCHWEPPERVESCENCE LASTS THE WHOLE DRINK THROUGH